

APRIL 5, 1941



Liberty 5¢



JOHN NEWTON HOWITT

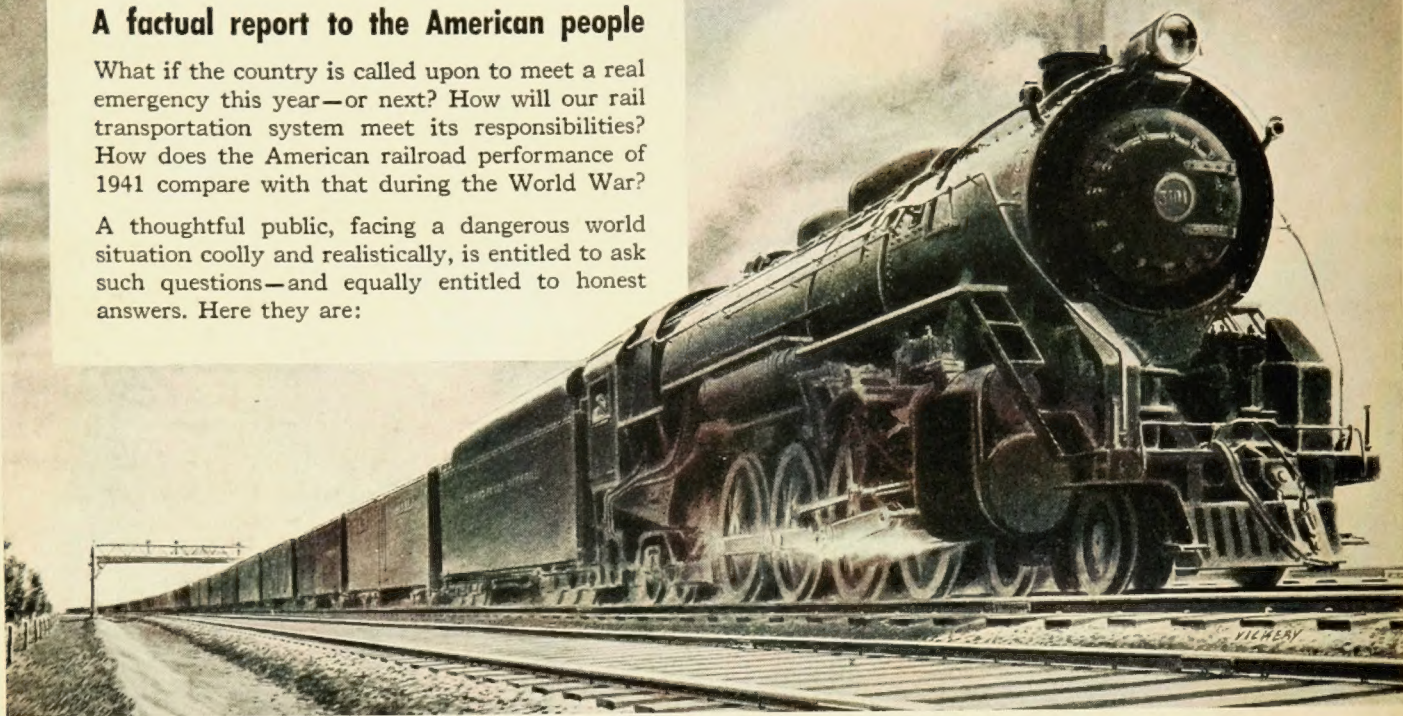
'OOTLOOSE! A Novel of Youth and Passion by Grace Perkins
More German Plans for Invasion of England by Wythe Williams

RAILROADS ARE READY

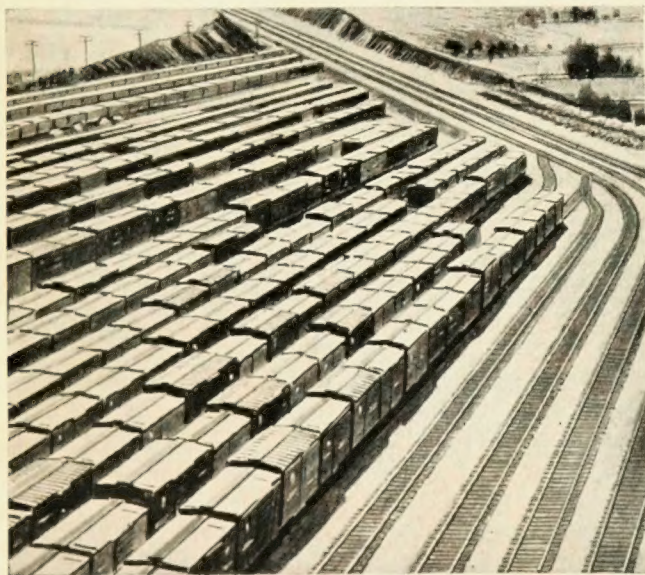
A factual report to the American people

What if the country is called upon to meet a real emergency this year—or next? How will our rail transportation system meet its responsibilities? How does the American railroad performance of 1941 compare with that during the World War?

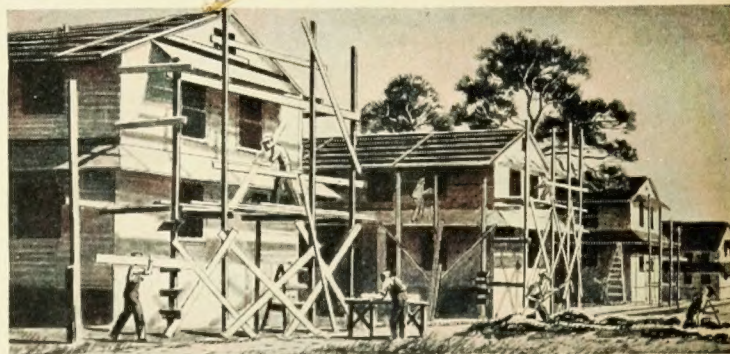
A thoughtful public, facing a dangerous world situation coolly and realistically, is entitled to ask such questions—and equally entitled to honest answers. Here they are:



Bigger locomotives pull more freight. Unqualified statements that railroads have fewer locomotives and cars than in 1917 are meaningless. Today's locomotives average half again more powerful. Today's better freight cars hold a fifth more and travel 64% faster.



It can't happen again! In 1917 ports and terminals were congested and transportation was slowed down because freight cars were used not to move goods but to store them. On just one order, 40 miles of cars clogged the tracks for weeks until a shipyard got ready to unload them. That won't happen again because close teamwork by the railroads, shippers and government agencies now keeps cars moving and gets them unloaded promptly.



Housing a million men. For the new army camps, the railroads delivered nearly two billion board feet of lumber—75,000 carloads—in 6 recent months. Work was never held up because of any railroad failure to deliver materials. Cars were loaded and unloaded promptly by shippers and contractors. There was not the least interruption of regular rail traffic.

★ ★ ★

Railroad efficiency more than doubled. That is the net result of larger engines and cars, longer trains, faster schedules, better signals, streamlined yards and greatly improved operating methods. In the peak year of 1929, the railroads hauled 8½ million more carloads of freight than they did in 1918 although they had 60,000 fewer cars and 5,000 fewer locomotives.

1939

1920

14,877
TON MILES
PER FREIGHT
TRAIN HOUR

32,150 TON MILES
PER FREIGHT
TRAIN HOUR



Whatever the demand—America's railroads, despite the hard times of recent years, are keeping fully prepared to meet the nation's transportation needs.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

P.S. PERFECT
SHIPPING

A national campaign each APRIL to promote good packing, secure loading and careful handling of ALL shipments—sponsored by Shippers Advisory Boards. Avoid loss and damage. We can't afford to waste our national resources.

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First in Thrift!

PLYMOUTH'S THE CAR THAT "STANDS UP BEST"

You Get a new Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new High-Duty Engine Bearings, Superfinished Engine Parts.

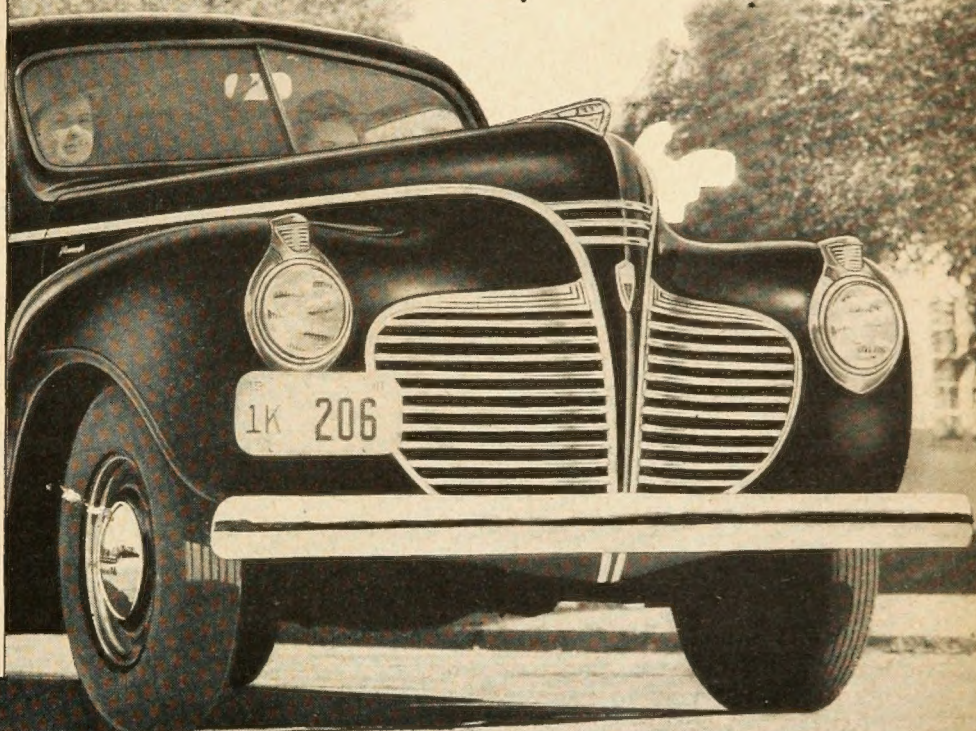
You Get the big gasoline savings of a 6.70 to 1 compression ratio—highest of "All 3" low-priced cars!

You Get more high-priced car features than in the "other 2" cars combined!



New Safety Rim Wheels—designed to prevent a flat tire from rolling off the wheel!

Chrysler Corporation's No. 1 Car



FOR all its size and power, this new Plymouth saves you money...and gives you greater driving pleasure, finer performance, a smoother ride! No wonder 4 out of 10 new Plymouth buyers are trading in *other makes*!

You enjoy the luxurious roominess and riding comfort of a big 117" wheelbase...longest of "All 3" low-priced cars! And Plymouth's new High-Torque Performance with new power-

gearing means you do less shifting.

You get a smart Fashion-Tone Interior...many extra-value features for longer car life and higher resale value.

See the 1941 Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. It compares "All 3" with *high-priced* cars on 22 important features. Plymouth has 21... car "2" has 9... car "3" has 7. Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

BIG 1941 PLYMOUTH—ONLY

\$685

—Delivered at Detroit, Michigan, including standard equipment and federal taxes. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, not included. *Prices are subject to change without notice.*

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Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models

PLYMOUTH

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WALTER LLOYD
ART EDITOR

THE GIGANTIC COST OF CRIME



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

We are the world's most lawless nation. There are yearly in this country nearly twelve thousand homicides. Previous to the present war there were approximately three hundred in England—about one twelfth of our record if measured on a percentage basis in accordance with population.

And the cost of crime to this country?

Gigantic is an appropriate adjective!

Fifteen billion yearly! Think of it!

Now divide up fifteen billion among our actual workers with a stabilized earning capacity and you will have approximately \$300 per capita.

But the average citizen will laugh at this. "In what way do I pay this \$300 yearly?" is the query.

He has to assume this sum in hidden taxes—the cost of high-salaried officials who supervise the legal proceedings in our courts, the enormous expense of the thousands of prisons, the additional police and detectives required to assist in protecting our people from this criminal horde.

With all this aggregation of officials, real estate, jails, courthouses, administrative buildings, etc., it does not require much imagination to visualize the fifteen-billion-dollar cost.

And what are we doing to help remedy this sad situation? We penalize our lawbreakers. We put them in jail, we hang or electrocute them. Our young offenders are sent to reformatories, which usually give them a college education in crime.

If their first offense has been committed unwittingly through ignorance of the law, after contacting the brutal and vicious element with which they have to associate in our prisons, they are often turned out hardened criminals and lifetime enemies of society.

Now, what is the cause of criminal tendencies? They begin very early in life. We are but little more than savages when we come into the world. We have to be taught that taking that which does not belong to us is a criminal offense.

We have to learn that severe penalties are imposed if we fail to respect conventional decrees. Therefore environment largely makes the man or woman. And in order to acquire worth-while lessons in everyday life, our youthful citizens must also have a healthy vigorous body that functions normally, mentally as well as physically.

The elemental law of life demands activity. A two- or three-year-old child, for example, will be active throughout its entire waking hours if it has playmates of a similar age. And a child reared without youthful companions is seriously handicapped.

Criminal instincts are allowed to predominate because of an unbalanced mentality, lack of ability to reason from cause to effect. Crime does not pay. That should become a powerful lesson every child should absorb from the time he learns to reason.

And to ensure the possession of clear reasoning powers a normally developed vigorous body is required, and that demands the active use of body and brain.

Our schools have baseball, football, and athletics of all kinds. They are helpful in developing well balanced normal citizens.

But most of our boys remain on the side lines with the girls. Their bodies are rarely developed to athletic proportions. They go through life one quarter or one half a man in a physical sense, and without the ability to reason clearly and constructively; lacking the guidance of intelligent forcible conclusions, they easily fall for alluring temptations that bring emasculating habits.

A supervising physical director of the schools of New York City at one time stated that he had never heard of a boy being arrested for a major crime who was active in athletics.

Now, there is only one way to cure the crime wave effectively. Guarantee every boy a normally developed body, the mental balance that comes with a perfectly adjusted human machine. Then, with the environments that are necessary to instill the great outstanding lessons of life, he should be guaranteed freedom from criminality.

It should be far more important to develop the body to its full strength than to cram the mind with a vast storehouse of knowledge, a larger part of which is never used. "A sound mind in a sound body" is a translation of a Latin quotation that has rung down the ages.

At this time especially, and at all times, we have need for strong men and fine vital upstanding specimens of womanhood. All this demands a full recognition of the acquirements essential to build God's masterpiece, the human body, into an enduring structure of beautiful proportions.

Bernarr Macfadden

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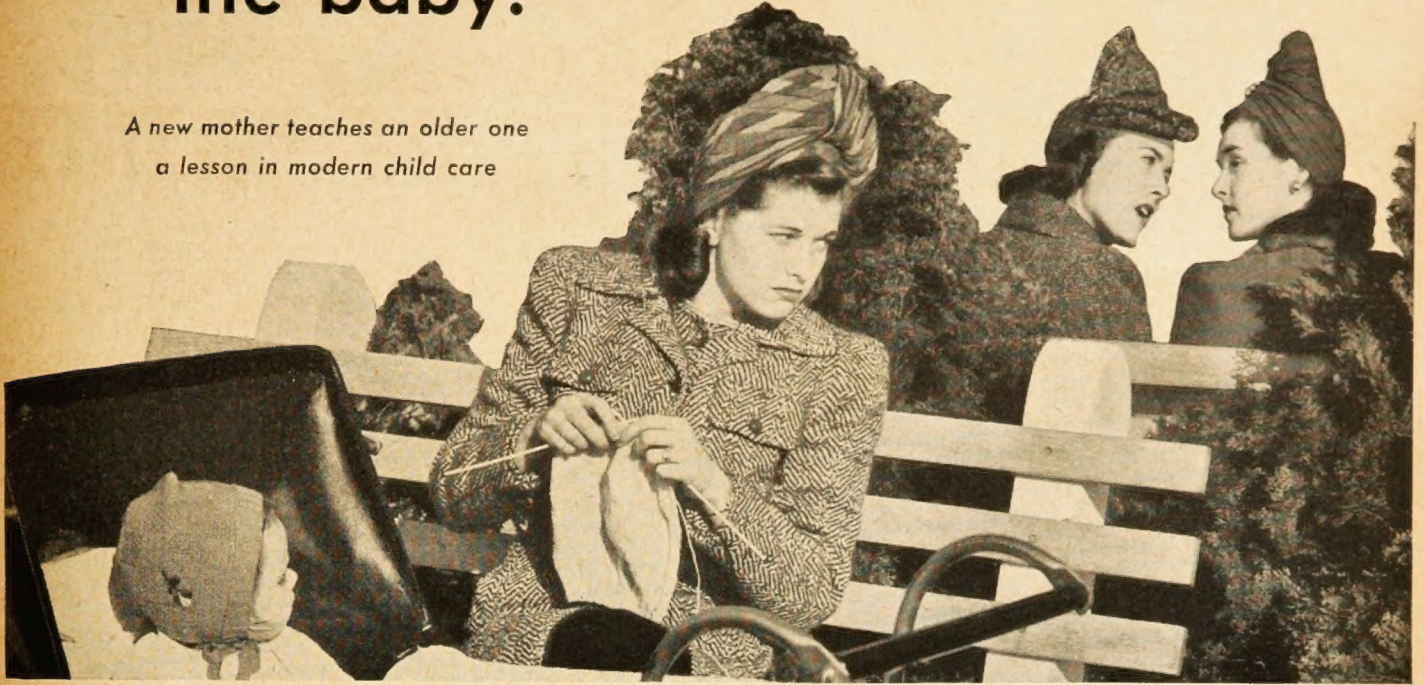
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"They said I shouldn't have adopted the baby!"

A new mother teaches an older one
a lesson in modern child care



1. The girls didn't realize that I was on the bench behind them, or they wouldn't have been talk-

ing about me. I didn't interrupt them because I was naturally curious to hear what they'd say.



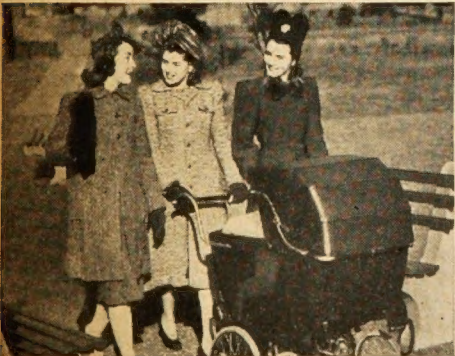
2. "She should never have adopted that baby! She's spoiling it terribly," Jane was saying. "Why, I was there the other day and, my dear, I wish you could see the things she has for that child! She's raising her like an orchid!"



3. "Special diapers, special foods, special rubbing oil, and I'll be darned if she didn't even have a special laxative!" *And that's when I burst in on them!* "Jane Thompson," I said, "how can you say I'm spoiling my baby when I'm doing exactly what the doctor told me to!"



4. "The doctor says you can't treat a baby's delicate system like an adult's. A baby *needs* things designed especially for her. You give her special foods, so of course she should get a special laxative. The doctor recommended Fletcher's Castoria."



5. "He said Fletcher's Castoria is made especially and *only* for infants and children. There isn't a single harsh adult drug in it. It's effective but mild. And *safe*. It works mostly in the lower bowel, so it isn't likely to gripe a child's tiny system."



6. Well, the girls came home with me. And when they saw how the baby loves the *taste* of Fletcher's Castoria, that clinched it! Jane said if it was *that* easy, she was certainly going to get a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on the way home, and try it for *her* children!

HERE IS THE MEDICAL BACKGROUND

Chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria is senna.

Medical literature says: (1) In most cases, senna does not disturb the appetite and digestion or cause nausea... (2) Senna works primarily in the lower bowel... (3) In regulated dosages, it produces easy elimination and has little tendency to cause irritation or constipation after use.

Senna is especially processed in Fletcher's Castoria to eliminate griping and thus allow gentle laxative action.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**
The **SAFE** laxative for children

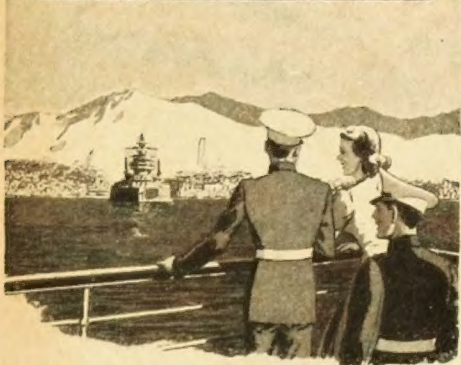


MONTANA

Roll up miles of
**EXTRA
THRILLS!**

Ride the electrified
OLYMPIAN

WASHINGTON



The OLYMPIAN gives you every travel comfort plus two *exclusive* features. First, the thrill of 656 miles of smokeless, sootless electrified travel through Montana Canyon, over the Rockies, Bitter Roots and Cascades. Second, the fresh air and freedom of special open observation cars carried in summer through a mountain wonderland.

New things to see and do

See Yellowstone Park en route . . . mighty Grand Coulee Dam . . . visit Spokane's lake-land . . . the snowfields of Mt. Rainier . . . the forests and Pacific ocean beaches of the Olympic Peninsula. See U. S. fleet units in Puget Sound; explore the romantic waterfronts of Seattle and Tacoma, seaports for Alaska.

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"Pacific Northwest Vacation Suggestions" gives itineraries; shows how much you can see and do; quotes typical low costs. Write today to

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Ask about our Travel Credit Plan.
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The MILWAUKEE ROAD



POP



Is Regionalism the Next Ism?

TOKYO, JAPAN—One hears much talk these days of regionalism. Regionalism may be a step ahead of the old system of numberless small independent countries, but it is not the answer to the world's problems, as there are no indications that it will prevent future armed struggles.

After the present war is ended there will be great efforts made by the various economic blocs for commercial supremacy, backed by heavy armaments.

This apparently will bring about a Socialistic or Communistic form of government, whether a nation wishes it so or not.

The stupendous armaments which all countries must adopt to keep pace with

the Socialistic governments can only be attained by conscripting all man power and materials of a country. It will not be necessary for Stalin to ignite a world revolution.

For hundreds of years the world had city-states such as Rome, Carthage, etc. Then came larger areas under one government, known as countries, which have likewise endured for centuries.

Next, it seems, we shall have a period of regionalism. While some time in the distant future there will probably develop a system of co-operative world trade.

But until that time arrives (may it be soon!) we can expect no permanent world peace.—*Grace Durfee.*

WE TELL OUR AGE

FREMONT, OHIO—Liberty will be sweet sixteen in April of this year. Congratulations on your natal day! Liberty is still the biggest nickel's worth on earth. May your shadow never grow less.—*William Jeremiah Moore.*

[Thanks for your good wishes, but we were "sweet sixteen" a year ago, on May 10, 1940—and what a world we've lived through!—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

LOOK, A LIGHTED HAT!



NEW YORK, N. Y.—Fiction is stranger than truth. Where George Durst (January 25 Vox Pop) suggested lighted hats for ladies, the enclosed exploitation photograph (used in a newspaper story)

might indicate to you how close a publicity man can come to following a member correspondent's suggestions.—*Earle Ferris.*

DEFENSE PLANS NOT SECRET

MORRISVILLE, VT.—That article, Better than Bomb Shelters, is indeed better than it should be! (February 22 Liberty.) Don't you think Uncle Sam ought to mail Hitler a more complete copy of his defense plans? He might possibly overlook some small detail from reading about them in the papers. I think it is ridiculous to advertise

all our defense plans so openly.—*Green Mountaineer.*

[Military authorities had no objection to publication of this story.—*Vox Pop Editor.*]

A NEW NAME FOR THE MAILBOX

CHICAGO, ILL.—While the year is yet young, let me add my nomination of A New Name for the Mailbox (January 25 Liberty) to those of your best Short Shorts for the year.

In my humble opinion, this is one of the most sparkling Short Shorts that have ever appeared in Liberty. When can we expect more from your new "find," Richard Banks?—*Roy Crawford, The Pied Typer.*

TAPER-TATERS

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—May I offer a suggestion for a name for the non-fattening potato to be produced by George Chisholm, which Princess Kropotkin invited us to christen appropriately? (January 11 Liberty.)

"Taper-taters" is the name which comes to my mind.—*Florence Anderson.*

UNION MAN PAYS GLADLY

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Letters in Vox Pop lately have told how the unions bleed the poor workmen out of money.

The trouble is this: These men are just what Maryland Carpenter (February 22 Vox Pop) calls them—*poor* workmen—and should not blame the union if they cannot hold their jobs after they are hired.

I have been a member of the union

for twenty-one years and never begrudged any moneys I was charged. I know if I had been charged twice the amount over those twenty-one years I still would say it was well worth it. I do not hold any paying office. I still have to do my day's work—A. C.

"YOUR HIGHNESS" IS WRONG

NEW YORK, N. Y.—May I draw attention to the incorrect (or partly incorrect) answer to Question No. 4 in the Good Manners Quiz? (February 22 Liberty.) I believe you will find that Elsa Maxwell's answer to the first part, regarding His Royal Highness the Duke



of Windsor, is correct; but I also believe that I am right in saying that there is no such form of address as "Your Highness" in English. If a duchess is a member of the royal family she is addressed as "Your Royal Highness"; if she be a commoner the correct form is "Your Grace."—Cyril Brown.

CHOOSING A VICE-PRESIDENT

STILLWATER, MINN.—W. T. Carden thinks the man receiving the second largest number of electoral votes should be Vice-President (January 18 Vox Pop). That was the original method used, but was unsatisfactory in Washington's second administration with Thomas Jefferson as Vice-President. The Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution changed that method in 1804. Six Presidents have died in office, and if their office had been filled by their political opponents it would have been some mess, especially after Lincoln's death.—Mrs. N. R. Harrington.

CORONERS AND EDITORS

ST. JOSEPH, MO.—Some time ago doctors in your crazy New York performed an autopsy on a man dead 3,000 years. On March 12 I get your March 22 copy of Liberty here. You're way out of line all the way around. Three thousand years behind on your autopsies and ten days ahead with your magazines. Too many editors and not enough coroners. You all ought to live in a city the size of St. Joseph, where folks strike an even balance.—Bill Burton.

[Do we take it that you'd like the coroners to get busy on the editors?—Vox Pop Editor.]

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Barbara: Who are you to say I haven't any pep appeal!
Auntie: Dear! Dear! A little job for me.



Auntie: Good morning, children. Did I hear some one mention PEP? I was just thinking how delicious a bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP would taste for breakfast. And, you know, it's rich in two important vitamins. Vitamins for pep! Let's have some!



Auntie: Yes, my dears, there would be no pep in any of us—no what you call "oomph"—without vitamins. We need them all. And that delicious cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP, is extra rich in two of the most important ones—vitamins B₁ and D.
Bob: Saay! This PEP tastes swell!



Barbara: Now that we've learned about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP, just watch me become your "pep appeal" girl.
Bob: I'll sure be watching!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK COPYRIGHT, 1941, BY KELLOGG COMPANY



Is someone saving a penny on your \$50 suit?

DID YOU KNOW the Talon fastener is the most expensive slide fastener sold?

Yes! Yet it costs a suit manufacturer only a fraction of a penny extra!

What does that buy for you?

It buys experience—we've learned

a lot making over 500 million Talon slide fasteners!

...It buys specialization—there's a special Talon fastener made for use on trousers.

...It buys protection—every Talon fastener is rigidly inspected 37 times before it leaves the factory.

No wonder *more than 70 men want Talon fasteners to every one naming any other brand!**

When you consider that you pay exactly the same no matter what slide fastener is in your trousers... *why not get the most for your money*—the dependable Talon fastener?



THIS SPORTY slide-fastened raincoat is the result of a new tailoring method and a specially-made fastener—both developed by Talon, Inc.



OLD! The clumsy pants closings often causing offensive gaps.

NEW! Talon fastener. Trim, convenient, locks at top for security.

ALWAYS look for the trademark "Talon" on slide fasteners.

"TALON"

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

the dependable slide fastener

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

*Based on the thousands of men expressing a preference in surveys by 43 stores.

PERHAPS never before in the history of man has there been so much speculation about the future, the shape and scheme of the world lying beyond the horizon of tomorrow's dawn, as there is today. We cannot wonder at this. In the midst of battle there is a compulsion to try to peer into the future, with hope or with fear—hope for a new, cleaner, better world in which this grim present will be remembered only as a nightmare sickness; fear that this present will never change, that the future will be written in the

the nonviolent way—without having to wait for others to do so. And if an individual can observe a certain rule of conduct, cannot a group of individuals do the same? Cannot whole groups of people—whole nations?

I think it is necessary to emphasize this fact: No one need wait for any one else in order to adopt a humane and enlightened course of action. Men generally hesitate to make a be-

gifts of the wealthy man, for he knows how to create and build. His abilities must not be lost. Instead, he must be left in possession of his wealth, of which he will use what he reasonably requires for his personal needs, and will act as a trustee for the remainder, to be used for the benefit of society.

There have been and there are such men. To my mind, as soon as a

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

WHAT WILL TOMORROW'S WORLD BE LIKE ?

A leader of millions gives mankind a message of faith



terms of the past, that there is in the nature of man a mortal compulsion to take up arms against his fellows; that there will always be conquerors, or would-be conquerors, who must inevitably unleash newer, greater, more savage conflicts in their drive for power.

Will our world always be one of violence? Will our scheme of society always be formed as it is now? Will there always be poverty and starvation and stark misery? Are these ineradicable?

Or will that world of tomorrow, after the last trumpet has been blown and the sword put down, be one without violence, in which there will be food for all, work for all, and justice for all?

And faith in God—will there be a fuller, firmer, wider belief in religion tomorrow, or will that world be godless?

Finally, if there is to be a great change in society as we know it now, how will that change be wrought? Will war achieve it, or revolution? Or will it come peacefully?

Different men give different answers: each draws the plan of tomorrow's world as he sees it, or rather as he wishes it to be. So must I answer. Yet I answer not only out of my belief, but out of an assurance, a conviction that the world of tomorrow will compare to our world of today as white compares to black.

The world of tomorrow as I see it will be, must be, a society based on nonviolence. That is the first law, for it is out of that law that all other blessings will flow. It may seem a distant goal indeed, an unattainable Utopia; it is often criticized as such. But I do not think it in the least unobtainable, since it can be worked for here and now. I believe it to be perfectly possible for an individual to adopt the way of life of the future—

beginning if they feel that the objective cannot be achieved in its entirety. It is precisely this attitude of mind that is the greatest obstacle to progress—an obstacle that each man, if he only wills it, can clear away himself, and so influence others.

Equal distribution—the second great law of the world of tomorrow as I believe it will be—grows out of nonviolence. The real implication of equal distribution is not an arbitrary dividing up of the goods of the world. It is that each man shall have the wherewithal to supply his natural needs, and no more. To give a crude example: If one man has a weak digestion and requires only a quarter pound of flour for his bread, and another needs five pounds, both should be in a position to satisfy their wants. They should not each arbitrarily be given a quarter pound or five pounds.

At the very root of this doctrine of equal distribution must lie the concept of the trusteeship of the wealthy for the superfluous wealth possessed by them. It is here, perhaps, that we come to the core of the greatest question. How is this equal distribution to be brought about? Through revolution, riot, bloodshed? Must the wealthy be dispossessed of all their holdings?

Nonviolence answers no. Forcible dispossession would leave society the poorer; it would lose all the great

man looks upon himself as a servant of society, and earns and spends for its sake, his earnings are good and his business venture constructive.

But does not this—indeed, does not the whole idea of nonviolence—imply a change in human nature? And does history at any time record such a change? I answer emphatically that there have been such changes in single men from the mean, personal, acquisitive point of view to one that sees society as a whole and works for its benefit. If there has been such a change in one man, then there can be the same change in many.

I see no poverty in the world of tomorrow, and no wars, no revolutions, no bloodshed. And I believe that in that world there will be a faith in God greater and deeper than there has ever been. The very existence of the world, in a broad sense, depends on religion, and thus it can never be rooted out from society. All attempts to do that will fail, and in the end men will turn as one humbly to God and His eternal and living Law.

THE END

Unbreakable Mrs. Doll, *Twilight Cheats*, etc.

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 41 SECONDS

**PART ONE—LILI LEARNS ABOUT
LIFE . . . AND LOVE**

LILI was not a bad girl as bad girls go. But she did not trouble, as all good girls are trained, to avoid the appearance of evil. She decided, like Popeye, that she was as she was, and people could take her or leave her. People's choice was a little terrifying, and became more so as time passed.

Youth is always sensitively aware of being misjudged—which it is, and

down in rather violent retirement and devoted herself to bringing up her grandchild as she had never bothered about her own children.

At Gran's death, Lili came to realize that she was of age, well provided for, and on her own. Her father, who had come East for his mother's funeral, told her as much as he patiently downed watered brandy and regarded his eldest with big beautiful eyes.

"What do you mean now-you-have-no-home?" he asked somberly. "You have several homes. I wish I had one of them. She cut me off without a cent. A tithe, rather. Blessed

Footloose!

**Beginning a vivid, heart-disturbing
novel of youth and riches and passion**

generally with justification—but a young girl who suddenly finds herself without authority—and without affection—can sell herself down the river unwittingly, never realizing that it's going to be a long row back. It's easier to be any one's mistress but your own.

Before her grandma died, Lili had been an exemplary child who went to dancing school and church with grave obedience. Bereavement came during Lili's third year in college. Lili had no interest in college; the college had less in her; but Grandma had been one of the first college women in the United States. Gran had had an heroic career as a foreign-news correspondent, a social reformer, and clubwoman. Like an octopus, Gran had more than one pair of hands and she used all of them. Her earnings kept her family in delightful style, but her fame kept them in painful spotlight. The style eventually lost its flavor and the family had split, very decorously, with hush-hush scandals and private hearings here and there. After which Gran had settled

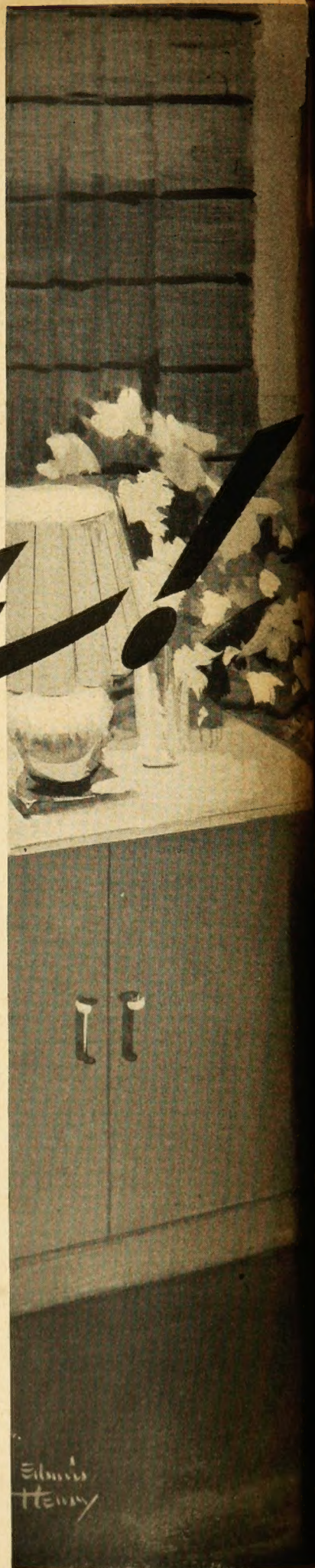
be the tithe that—oh, never mind."

Lili swallowed hard. She knew that Gran's will arranged for the continuance of her son's monthly check. Gran's library, the letters of great men she had known, the paintings she had picked up for a cupful of silver when she had been a girl in Paris and had really known Toulouse-Lautrec—all these had gone to Gran's college. Everything else in Gran's estate, garnered by the thin freckled hand that had grown calluses on the pen fingers, had been left to Lili with instructions that she was to divide it in no form, shape, or manner, neither in parcel nor by payments nor gifts, with any other kin.

Shelley Kettridge was not abashed by his daughter's silence. He halved a measure of brandy with lesser liquid and studied his firstborn again.

"Like to paint you before I go," he murmured.

"That would be divine," Lili said gently. But remembering so many times throughout her girlhood that her posing had brought on despair because she so reminded him of her





"It isn't as if I hadn't spent buckets in beauty shops," Lili wailed. "No, it isn't," agreed Magda, and laughed abruptly.

mother, she added with a nice note of regret, "But I have to get back to college in two days. Exams."

He nodded.

"I hope now that ma's gone you'll take yourself in hand," he advised. "You look like a cup custard. You're really disturbingly beautiful, but you need—a little abridging. Nobody should run around looking that wholesome and juicy. It's a rebuke to people. Ever been kissed?"

"Of course."

"Anything else?"

She flushed painfully and shook her head.

"Well, you're your own woman now."

"My own woman now," she echoed tremulously.

"Yes. With your own income, and position and youth and brains and beauty. Be careful, Lili. Take your time. Don't let love throw you."

He stood up.

"You'll finish college, I suppose?"

"I suppose. What else is there to do?"

GLAD you don't take it fanatically." He laughed shortly. "Look what brains did to my mother. She damned near had the world reformed before she died. And look what the lack of brains and education did to *your* mother. So here's to you, honey. Keep to the middle of the road, and leave the wall-sealing and the gutters to the menfolks." He lifted his glass. "By the way, where is Lil now?"

"Mother?" Lili crossed to the fireplace and stared into the flames through sudden tears.

"Yes, *mother*. Where is she?"

"In London. Gran started to—but mother didn't want to come. She wants to stay there."

"She would. It's excitement. Who's the man now?"

Lili glanced at her father with brief appeal.

"Oh, come on." He smiled a one-sided smile. "You're a big girl now. *Some* day you and I should be able to talk like human beings. Right?"

"Sure."

"Well, who is he?"

The urgency of his tone made her heart ache for him.

"A British actor. I— He's in the Air Force now, I believe. Really a nice sort."

Shelley Kettridge murmured something unintelligible. Fortunately so, no doubt. He started to climb into his coat. He caught Lili's glance and smiled. Her heart banked: his was the little-boy appeal no woman could resist. Small wonder he had been spoiled all his life. His talented right hand, like Gran's, could have built a fortune. As an illustrator, he had been on his way when his extravagant high-fevered young wife had run off with the second or third love-of-her-life. Then Shelley had quit commercialism for art. Whether it was too late, or whether he was not that good an artist, nothing much had come of it.

"Since we're talking as human

beings," Lili said impulsively, "tell me about your wife."

"Often wondered if you had any curiosity." Her father stood, feet wide apart, grinning. "Well, Minnie is my biography."

"Your what?"

"My explanation. Well, skip it; it's a nice fancy of mine. Minnie is comfort. Fat; nice Rubens fat, creamed and sugared. Never has a pain. Lusty as all get-out. A damned bad painter, a damned good cook, and a damned good mother."

Lili cleared her throat.

"Couldn't I even come out for a visit next summer?"

"You wouldn't like it, Lili. Besides, we leave the ranch a lot in summer. Mosey around in a trailer."

"Eight kids and you in a trailer?"

"Two trailers," he amended with dignity. "Some of the kids work at dude ranches, or take a summer university course. Jackie dug in Peru all one season. We go and come as we like. Everybody eats when he likes what he likes. Whenever we have a dime we spend it on paint, or liquor—or gasoline. If we have enough for all three, we can move on a bit. I told you you wouldn't like it."

"You don't want me, do you?"

"Better get out of *that* habit!"

Her father frowned. "Women have the damndest way of making men be direct or insulting. Come on, let's go to dinner. I want to eat in Keen's Chop House again. There's a young chap I'd like you to meet. He's working his way through college and he's ripe with talent. Name of Peter Higgins. His folks live out my way. I'll give him a ring while you get ready."

IN the hallway Lili met Old Sawyer, who had run Gran's house long before Lili had come there to live, at the age of six. Her loneliness was such that she almost put her hand out to him. Her parents had their own lives. Lili had college, a graveyard to visit, and three or four houses scattered around with nobody in them. Nobody except Old Sawyer. You couldn't call Sawyer a bookkeeper, because he was only steward of minor accounts. You couldn't call him steward, because he was a gardener. You couldn't call him your gardener, because it was *his* garden, really, and his all-consuming hobby. His work included everything, as need arose, from house-cleaning, butlering, driving, typing, carpentry, wine-making, to tailoring. There was little Old Sawyer didn't do, except keep himself clean.

"Cook wants to leave and I paid her off," he reported. He always held his head on one side, almost as if his neck had been broken; and his face, permanently red-raw from wind and sun, was lately swollen from crying. "You ain't goin' to let that unnatural wastrel of a son-and-father drive you to town, Miss Lili, are you? Not after blottin' up so much brandy?"

"Yes, I am. I just can't stay here alone."



He regarded her as if he had never seen her before. His eyes glowed. "What have you been doing to yourself, Lili?"

"I'll fix you a nice supper. I'll find you some of them frog legs you like. And I'll sit and talk to you. And we'll play Russian bank."

"No. You'd just sit and cry. And so would I. I'm going to town."

"It ain't right, him drivin'."

"Oh, he's never really tight."



Old Sawyer missed the vital moment when he might have established authority.

Shelley Kettridge drove his mud-splattered old car admirably. He talked of his boyhood memories and the changes he observed in New York. He swore scathingly at all other drivers and at city traffic. He came within a veil of hitting nine or ten things, but he merely scraped his tires when he parked.

The young man ripe with talent who was to meet them had not arrived. When he came, Lili forgot she was lonely. She forgot she had stood at an open grave that morning and that she felt uneasy to be partying so soon, almost like a wake. Sometimes a child will stop bawling and smilingly reach out for a cookie or a toy. It was like that with Lili when she saw Pete Higgins.

He was tall, with the slouch of Westerners. He hesitated in the doorway and searched for them with very deep-set blue eyes. He was all barbered and scrubbed, and, though he could do with a new suit and of better quality mighty soon, he would pass in almost any gathering. When he met her he smiled very broadly and said:

"I'm going to like you. You aren't a bit like your old man."

And Lili said, surprised and pleased with herself:

"You're not like his usual run of friends, either."

WHEN Shelley ordered a stinger (he had downed two while they'd been waiting) and Pete Higgins ordered a Manhattan, Lili said, again surprising herself:

"I think I shall have my first cocktail."

"Your what?" gasped her father.

"My first cocktail. Long ago I promised—oh, very solemnly promised—Gran that I would never take a drink as long as she lived."

"And you never have?" marveled Shelley. He smiled at Pete. "She's the kind of girl wouldn't hit a man with her hat on. Waiter, an old-fashioned."

"And also a Pink Lady," said Pete briefly.

"That sounds pretty." Lili smiled at him.

"It's as pretty as you'll get," said Pete. "And now, tell me, do they have steaks in here? And what is a child like you doing in college? And why has your father never painted you? And why didn't we pick some place where there was dancing? If your old man is going to settle down to earnest drinking, let's settle him somewhere where there is sweet music. We could go to the Island Club. I designed the bar over there, and it's high-class surroundings for Shelley to get stinko."

"I'm only going to get smello," said Shelley gravely.

"What do you mean, you designed the bar?" Lili demanded.

"I've designed three in town. I'm a natural-born artist," said he with

becoming modesty; "but I've lived my life with pathological artists—along the lines of your splendid wretch of a father—so I'm going to be a lawyer. Meanwhile a few jobs with the drafting board helps put me through school. Law school—N. Y. U. I did a baptismal font which didn't pay very well. And I'm doing the entrance to a renovated apartment house. Not the entrance exactly, but the foyer or lobby."

"A fine fobby for a loyer," said Shelley.

"Chaperons should never be male. So now tell me all about you, Miss Kettridge."

"Lili."

"Pete. And don't eat so much steak you can't dance."

That's the way it was. Friends from the first smile. Right through the entire evening, with two whole hours of dancing. When midnight came, Pete said Shelley mustn't drive Lili home, and intimated Shelley shouldn't drive himself home. For a moment Lili thought there would be blows, but there weren't. Pete just said it was Shelley's life, but that evidently Shelley was too old to know better. And Pete called a taxi.

Pete and Lili taxied all the way out to Gran's Croton cottage, and they never mentioned Shelley nor Gran nor anything unhappy. They talked of life and ideals and the condition of the world and what was worth living and dying for. Because Pete was only twenty-six and Lili was twenty-one, and most people never dreamed how seriously they thought about such subjects. It was enchanting to discover how earnestly each had tried to figure a philosophy.

"Of course," Lili said solemnly, "you grew up an orphan and I was as good as an orphan, with my parents separated, and so we're different from most young people. I had Gran, and you had your sister who was so good to you—but it's never the same as real home. But I think we should be grateful, really, because we've *had* to think, and we have a head start. I mean, it's something people have to learn—to stand alone. Yet, of course, there's the importance of united-we-stand—I mean, what do you make of that, Pete?"

SO Pete, largely, launched into a full explanation of that, and before they knew it they were home, where they hastily decided it would be better not to see Shelley, in case of friction.

In the driveway, sighting Shelley's car that had arrived ahead of them, Pete ordered the taxi to stop. He helped Lili out, and together they watched Old Sawyer guide Shelley inside the house. Lili thought the grounds never looked so dearly her own as under the winter moonlight, with the damp wind vacuum-cleaning the trees of their leaves.

Then Pete turned to her. She faced him expectantly.

"Night," he said. He almost whipped the word in the wind.

"The hell he ain't. I've seen him come down the chimney."

"Well, I'm going."

"Your Gran wouldn't like it."

It was the first time Old Sawyer was to speak those words. But because Lili gulped and shook her head to hide the tears that angered her,

"Night," she half whispered. "Thank you—Pete."

He stuck out a hand and she took it with sudden embarrassment.

Abruptly he turned and climbed into the taxi. Lili didn't watch. She held up her head and walked to her doorway. Old Sawyer let her in, and the door closed out all sounds of the cab.

Her father paused halfway up the stairs and laughed.

"Some hero, that," he remarked. "Must have been payday. He'll go hungry for a month to make up for that cab."

Lili watched her father round the landing and listened to him enter the guest room. Then she said, without looking at old Sawyer:

"I'm going back to college on the first train tomorrow. Tell father I had to be there for exams. You'll see him safely headed back West, of course, won't you?"

"What about the young man?" asked old Sawyer.

"Nothing whatever about the young man," said Lili. "He's just a friend of my father."

Because what about a young man who never suggested seeing you again?

SHE thought about the young man often, composing letters to him as she lay in a tub steering the soap around with her toes. As months went by, and Lili became more en-trusted with a hard imitative world-ness, the letters to Mr. Higgins boiled down to a mere: "Dear Lug, what the hell? Didn't you like me?"

But Peter Higgins received no word from her and she got as much from him. Lili made it a point to get invited to N. Y. U., working at it as hard as any little nobody works to get to Princeton and Yale. This was considered odd of Lili—like her eating peanuts and sleeping in a sort of leapfrog position—but nobody paid much attention—and she didn't meet up with Pete.

She met Horace Rumford, an alumnus of N. Y. U., and even though Horry was intensively engaged to a weary fascinater, Lili attached herself to him with barnacle persistence. Magda Manning, the fascinater, didn't mind, she being too used up to care much. While Magda loved Horry unreasonably, she did nothing about it because he was barely on the first rung of the ladder, and a weary woman needs a rich husband. This attitude drove Horry mildly mad, and he entertained Lili with his troubles. After all, a barnacle has to take the pain.

"It's a comfort to talk to you, you're such a Nice Nelly," he once told her at three A. M.

That gagged Lili, and she didn't sleep all night. It added up with her father's calling her a cup custard. It was probably why Pete Higgins never even dropped a wish-you-were-here postal card, and something should be done about it.

Magda listened with heavy-lidded

fatigue to Lili's request for wisdom.

"It isn't as if I hadn't spent bucks in beauty shops," Lili wailed.

"No, it isn't," agreed Magda, and laughed abruptly. "It's—just an attitude. I don't know if you could learn it; you haven't any tramp in you at all."

"You don't know my parents," said Lili.

"Well"—Magda shrugged—"I don't want to be vulgar, though it does seem to me you'll be unhappy either way."

Lili cracked a peanut and watched Magda file her nails.

"Do you mean what I think you mean?"

"Without a doubt," said Magda. "Even if you don't succumb, you might at least give the impression you're barely able to control yourself, and that it's a wicked waste you have to put out the lights all by yourself. See what I mean? Most men know from birth that cold women aren't any good, even on hot nights. Consider the hussies of the tropics."

"I don't think—" began Lili, but Magda interrupted her with a short laugh.

"Of course you don't," she drawled. "But you asked me. And I'm telling you. There are only two lessons to learn, little one. The first is to lose all shame of your body. And the second is to be proud of it."

That was no kind of bone to give a toothless child, fresh from Gran's nursing, to wean on. But Lili took it into her study hours and conned the idea diligently. She put it into practice gingerly and found it much more frightening than learning to hurdle. It became as satisfying a thrill in time, and brought her, gradually, as acknowledged a reputation—and as many bruises. Her technique became such that when one of the professors undertook to rouse in her some shame for her academic standing, considering the fine heritage of Gran's achievements, the old darling finished the interview with a rather remarkable kiss.

IRREGULARLY Lili heard from both her father and her mother who, Lili gathered, was making ready to come to America to visit her beautiful child and get heavy contributions to Britain, if not to herself. If Lili was not allowed by Gran's will to give money to a relative, she could contribute to the relative's charity, couldn't she?

But there was really nobody for Lili to write to—except old Sawyer. Gradually Lili would let eight or ten of old Sawyer's letters accumulate and give a dateless evening to them. They reported endlessly on the condition and cost of things, and they grieved bitterly about Lili's standing, which he gathered was lower than the pavement.

"What does it mean, being on the dean's list?" he wrote in indelible pencil. "I hope and pray, Miss Lili, that you will follow in your Gran's

footsteps, for if ever there was a saint . . ."

And all such. There wasn't any use going home just to old Sawyer for Christmas. She met him in New York at the lawyers' office and signed all the things they said to sign, because as long as old Sawyer understood them, she didn't care, and selling off one house was a fine idea. She wore black and no make-up and behaved docilely and took old Sawyer to dinner and listened to everything and promised to study harder and gave him a little jeweler's package to hang for himself on his tree.

THEN she spent the holidays with Magda and Horry. They flew out to Sun Valley and raised wholesome outdoor hell because Magda had met a divorced member of one of the filthy fifty families and he was weak-minded about skiing, and Magda was going to ski or break a buttock. Horry wept on Lili's shoulder when no one was looking, and Lili gathered him tenderly into her arms because she knew so well what it meant to feel lonely and desolate.

They became inordinately fond of each other, Horry and Lili, and Magda beamed approval because, she said, between hobbles, she was going to be Mrs. Bugs Dourbon before he could say his prayers, which gave her plenty of time, because he didn't know any anyway, the dear lamb, and if two others had managed a slice of settlement, why not she? Whereupon Horry called her a spade, and Magda laughed. And Lili feverishly met all sorts of people, from important models and eminent stars to unimportant dude hands who had ideas of their own, and Lili learned a great deal over Christmas.

As the new year wore along, Horry took her to N. Y. U. several times, and Pete Higgins was never there. You could week-end in New York over and over, and hang around that grim section of town all you liked; you could try the Public Library and the museums, and go from place to place you knew he had designed, and never, never run into him. Then you could sit alone over a pot of coffee and wonder why one man should be so hard to forget. One man, one evening, and not even one kiss. . . . And she couldn't shake the memory of Peter Higgins.

Shelley came to town in February because all of a sudden his pictures of Arizona were the find of the WPA, or the Federal Arts, or something. Shelley beamed with new authority, and was so busy that he never drank at all any more except when some one put a glass in his hand. At least, he didn't go after it, though he paid any hospitality a somewhat overwhelming appreciation.

With Shelley around, one would expect to meet Pete Higgins again automatically. But, Shelley explained, not in any way sensing that he was dropping you through a manhole, that Pete was out in Arizona because his sister's husband had died and his sis-

ter was having a baby in an adobe—which sounded awful. Shelley himself also had his own sly interests.

"Is it true your mother's coming to this country?" he asked. "Old Sawyer wrote me."

"Yes, it's true," Lili admitted. "She's always due next week. She's given up her place on the plane several times to people in need—or to fleeing nobility who just might be grateful some day."

"Is the child bitter?" her father asked shrewdly.

"No. Just keen. Mother's really a good egg, and I gather all this worthy activity is doing her miracles. Her letters are classics; they are so brave-and-carry-on. She keeps assuring me that Gran would have been the first to give her all to the cause. That's what she's really coming for—and not to see Baby Bunting."

"Well, if you're going to give, give it direct, and not through Lil," advised Shelley.

"Is the man bitter?" she asked.

He regarded her as if he had never seen her before, and his eyes glowed. There is no gaze as disconcerting as the measure of an artist.

"What have you been doing to yourself, Lili?"

"What do you think?" She smiled. "Just a little home girl, studying hard, helping mama with the dishes and making fudge."

"You're changed," her father said slowly. "I once asked you if you'd ever been more than kissed. Is your mouth really swollen or do you just hold it that way?"

"I don't know how you do with your other children," Lili patted his long hard fingers, "but I hope you're more delicate. Come on and let's go places. I know one person who knows something about art, and lots of people who can afford it. And I'd really like to show my friends I actually have a father."

He called for the check and, after sending the waiter for more coffee, he handed it to her with a mischievous smile. From her purse she took a twenty, and without looking at the slip, pushed both across the table.

"When I was in Egypt," she told him, "the little urchins that begged for baksheesh used to prattle funny Americanese they had picked up. They used to say, 'No mother, no father, no whisky, no soda, me poor sonnavawitch.'"

And Lili laughed sharply as she pulled her furs about her shoulders. Yet she was proud of Shelley's distinguished bearing as they walked the length of the restaurant together. She was proud for three whole expensive days and nights that she palled around with her father. Then he was gone out West again—and his goodbye kiss left her feeling lonely and abandoned.

SHE spent Easter vacation in Florida with her roommate's folks, and out of sheer pity she took Horry along because Magda was actually engaged, even in print. Horry

was taking it hard, just as once Shelley had taken the loss of his Lil, and Lili thought it beautiful how men cared, once their hearts were hit.

Bringing Horry along was a great mistake, as Lili was beginning to find most generous or kind acts to be, for naturally there was talk about her and Horry which was so fantastic that she didn't bother to take it seriously. Magda had warned Lili that the more she became a man-magnet, the more all females would persecute her, even those who had no hope of attracting an organ grinder without throwing nickels.

The story spread that poor Magda Manning had hastily become engaged

GRACE PERKINS

once an actress—she played in *Lightnin'* and in several other Broadway productions—is now a best-selling novelist and the author of numerous motion-picture plays. She was born in Boston and brought up in Westchester County, New York. She is married and has one son and one daughter.



to cover her heartbreak when Lili walked off with faithful Horace. And who, the women asked, was footing Horry's bills if not Lili Kettridge, and could there be anything more despicable then to ease a nice young man into gigolo habits? They were all very sorry for dear Horry, and showed him so, lavishly, quite willing to pay a check themselves, as they lectured him over a planter's punch.

Horace, who was in a fine state of quivers, rousing laughter, ceaseless activity, vacuous eyes, and unheeding ears, paid little attention. Some people take love, or the loss of love, that hard. With his thirtieth birthday staring him in the face, Horry's reasons for getting up in the morning and shaving seemed faint. He had lost the woman on whom he had built every dream since his voice changed, and lost her to a guy who inherited ease. In his heart Horry was convinced that Magda was worthless, and their love was wicked; but his contempt for himself as a prey to baser forces did not help him in the least. The years spent becoming a young lawyer were obviously a waste; he had no stomach for some of the devices he had learned—he pitied the suckers and loathed the politicians and wondered why he hadn't gone in for knitting or greeting cards.

One night he gambled heavily, with luck sitting on his shoulder until two A. M. Then he faced the equivalent of ruin and wrote a check. Almost everybody present knew Horace Rumford hadn't the sum his check called for. Several people heard Lili say to Horry, as he was about to hand over the check:

"Don't do that, Horry."

A woman laughed and asked, "Is he getting too expensive for you, Lili?"

And Lili, taking a slow breath,

said to Horace, "Aren't you going to slap her for that?"

All Horace said was, "You've been winning all night," and gave over his check.

Without another word, Lili got her wraps and drove alone to her hostess' house. There, before she could explain all that had happened, she found a message from old Sawyer, and put through a call for him. She was aware, as she talked with the operator, that some of her hostess' friends had driven by to gabble their version of Horry's behavior. But old Sawyer's hoarse voice gave her a message that wiped all concern from her nervous thoughts.

"Your rapscaillon father called here and reversed charges," old Sawyer raged, "all the way from Arizona, and talked his head off, ribbing me. Was he ill? No. Was he dying? Far from it! Was he boiled? Like corned beef and cabbage. Thinking he could get me mad by calling me Tom the barefoot boy."

"What did he want, Sawyer?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Absolutely nothing?"

"Oh, some friend of his is coming on East and he wants you to help him do something or other when he comes. Name of—lemme see—Higgins!"

"Sawyer! Peter Higgins! When? When is he coming?"

"Guess he's on a bus now, or any time now."

"Sawyer—I'll be home tomorrow."

AND Lili hung up with a sigh of fulfillment that comes only with the end of long suspense. It didn't much matter now what her hostess said about Horry and the scandal his losses would cause. It didn't matter that they all looked at her aghast when she said yes, she would cover his check.

"So what?" she asked softly. "I won all evening—it isn't even my own money—it's just winnings. Would you think it better for me to let him be clamped down on for a bad check? Horry's so rattled he doesn't know what he's doing."

And she smiled and shrugged, but nobody smiled back.

"I suppose it sounds awful," she mumbled ruefully.

"We just won't discuss it," her hostess answered icily. "Good night, Lili."

But an hour later, as Lili was about to crawl into bed, a phone call threw the family into a commotion. Horace, somewhat beaten up, had been found on a beach embankment less than a mile from the gambling house.

"You can't bring him here," Lili said dully. "Yes, of course, take him to a hospital. Yes, I'll pay the bills, if he can't."

Can Lili continue to do as her heart dictates in spite of the disapproval of society? Will her further kindness to Horry result in more gossip? And will Peter Higgins hear it? Read the next chapter in this vivid story of a reckless modern!

ON the afternoon of July 14, 1940, pitching for the Brooklyn Dodgers, Fred Fitzsimmons, known all over the National League circuit as "Fat Freddy," shut out the Pittsburgh Pirates for his two hundredth victory as a National League hurler and joined the immortals of baseball. A few days later he celebrated his thirty-ninth birthday.

Ordinarily, professional ballplayers are through long before they reach forty. But Freddy Fitzsimmons isn't an ordinary athlete. He's the kind who likes to upset precedents, smash records, and laugh at Father Time.

After hanging up that two hundredth victory he wasn't satisfied to sprawl on the grass in front of the Dodgers' dugout and watch the other fellows carry the load. Not Fitz! He looked around, and his eyes focused on a record that had withstood the onslaughts of every National League pitcher since it was nailed up by Charles "Deacon" Phillippe back in 1910—the highest winning percentage record. In 1910, Phillippe, then hurling for the Pirates, won fourteen games and lost two, for a season's percentage of .875.

Fitz took a gander at that record one day in August and decided it had stood long enough. On that particular day Fitz' score was thirteen wins, two losses. To top the Deacon he would have to win two more games and lose none. It looked like an ambitious program for an aging pitcher who, three years before, had been theoretically labeled a has-been when Bill Terry, manager of the New York Giants, sold him across the river to Brooklyn. But when the 1940 season ended and the records were compiled, there was Fitz on top of the heap with sixteen victories and two defeats for a season's percentage of .889.

It occurred to me that Fitz must possess some secrets of health and training and living which enabled him at almost forty to reach and stay at the top in such a highly competitive and grinding game as baseball. Maybe he'd pass these secrets along to that vast army of men who look forward to forty with dread.

I found Fitz on his little two-acre "ranch" at Arcadia, California, within walking distance of the Santa Anita race track. He had just returned from a three weeks' hunting trip and looked as fit as a well trained fighter.

"Freddy," I began, "you're fat, forty."

"Not quite!" he interrupted.

"—and famous," I went on. "You've upset all the accepted dope. Ballplayers are supposed to hang up their gloves and go to bed when they reach thirty-five. At all times they are supposed to be trim of figure, supple, agile, resilient. But you—well, pardon me, but you're fat, you shuffle when you walk, your pitching arm is crooked and stiff, your legs are—"

"Hey! Wait a minute!" he cut

in, laughing. "You've been listening to Bill Terry."

"No, but I've been looking into the record books. And what do I find? That you at forty—minus—have joined that select circle of baseball immortals—Christy Mathewson, Joe McGinnity, Rube Marquard, Mordecai Brown, Wilbur Cooper, Burleigh Grimes, Jesse Haines—"

"—Grover Alexander, Eppa Rixey, and Carl Hubbell," said Fitz, completing the list of National League pitchers who achieved fame by winning 200 or more ball games.

Then I voiced the old gag question, "To what do you attribute your great success as a pitcher?"

I thought he'd recognize it as a mild rib, but he didn't. Instead, he answered the question soberly, honestly, truthfully. "Whatever success I've had," he said quietly, "I attrib-

ute to the fact that I've stuck pretty close to the copybook maxims."

"Yeah?" I said. "Which ones?"

"Oh," said Fitz, "I suppose the one I put most stock in is 'Practice makes perfect.' My dad drilled that into me when I was a kid, back in Indiana. Then there's one I got from my mother—'Do or die!'"

Simpleton that I am, I laughed. "Listen, Freddy. Don't ever spring that on the gang back East or they'll kid the pants off you."

"Why should they?" asked Fitz, frankly puzzled.

"Well," I said, "you know—it sounds kind of old-fashioned."

Freddy thought a moment while his eyes rested on the heights of the Sierra Madre Mountains that form a background to his little ranch.

"I wonder," he said slowly, "if what you say is true—if the homely old maxims we learned at our mothers' knees no longer hold water. The more I think of it, the more firmly convinced I am that they're still pretty sound. You 1941 cynics may laugh at them, but you can't laugh off the record I made sticking to them through nineteen grinding years of professional baseball. Maybe they are old-fashioned. But that's all right with me. I'm sort of an old-

fashioned guy myself. I like old-fashioned games, old-fashioned friendships, old-fashioned faiths, and the old-fashioned way of living."

Thirty years ago, when Christy Mathewson was the leading pitcher in the National League, Freddy hitched his wagon to a star. Like



millions of boys of that day, he wanted to grow up to be a great pitcher like Matty. One day he told his dad about this dream. It so happened that Fitz, Sr., a rabid Giant fan, idolized Matty. He probably was delighted. Anyway, he said, "Son, baseball comes about as close to being an art as any game I know. To be a great artist in any field takes a lot of patience, study, and practice—especially practice. You're young and



BY JACK O'DONNELL

Secrets!—Baseball's new immortal reveals how he made a dream come true

FAMOUS

strong. Keep your eye on the goal you want to reach; dig in and practice—practice every chance you get." Then, giving Freddy an encouraging slap on the back, he added, "Practice makes perfect."

Now, if one of us 1940-model cynics had been standing around, we would have recognized that maxim as a bromide. But Freddy, being just a Hoosier kid, didn't. In fact, he believed his dad really had something

there. He decided to give it a trial.

At every opportunity during the next few years he practiced accuracy in throwing. He learned in the games played on the sand lots of Mishawaka that speed and curves meant little to a pitcher unless he had control. So he practiced throwing straight until he could, nine times out of ten, put the ball right where he wanted it.

Discouragement got a strangle hold on him when he first tried putting some stuff on the ball. His curves curved all right, but he had no more control than Dizzy Dean on an off day. One Saturday afternoon he was on the mound for his neighborhood team. It was the first half of the ninth and his club was on the long end of a six-to-five score. The first two batters were retired on ground balls; then a hit, a walk, and an error filled the bases. The opponents' best hitter was up. He had already slammed two of Fitz' fast balls for extra bases. With the count three

and two on him, Freddy was in a hole. He knew this hitter was a sucker for an outside curve, but he hadn't dared serve him one all afternoon. So he figured he wouldn't be expecting one now.

"If I could just break one over the outside I knew we'd have the game in the bag," says Freddy. "I decided to stake everything on my ability to control just one curve. I took plenty of time, wound up and let go. It was outside, all right, away outside, and also out of reach of my catcher. The guy saw it was going to be a wild pitch, so he swung at it and romped to first while two runs scored. Automatically I covered the plate, and when the catcher recovered the ball and threw it to me I was fit to be tied. I threw it as far as I could over the fence and out of the lot."

Fitzsimmons père witnessed that boyish display of temper. That night after supper he invited Freddy to take a walk. When they were out where only the stars could hear them, he led him to a rail fence alongside the road and told him to sit down.

"Son," he said, "there was no excuse for doing what you did out there this afternoon. It showed lack of self-control."

"It showed lack of ball-control," Freddy muttered rebelliously.

"You'll never be able to control a ball until you're able to control your temper."

"It doesn't matter. I'm through trying to be a pitcher."

"Oh! A quitter, eh?"

"I ain't quittin'! I just can't learn to control a curved ball."

"You learned to control a fast one," the father countered.

"Yeah," admitted the youngster, "but it took a lot of practice."

"Sure it did!" his father agreed. "And it's going to take a lot of practice to control curves. Don't think for a minute Matty became the great pitcher he is without practice. As I told you once before—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," young Freddy cut in, "but it's no good for me. The copybook stuff may be all right in some cases, but it doesn't work in mine."

Telling me of that important moment in his life, Freddy said, "Dad stood there for a long time without saying a word. Then, putting his hands on my shoulders, he looked me in the eye and said, 'Freddy, whether you ever become a great ballplayer is of little consequence. The important thing is, you are at a bad age to admit defeat. If you whip this—if you get over this one tough hurdle—it'll do something to you that will be of everlasting benefit.'"

Freddy loved and respected his dad and was terror-stricken by the thought that he might consider him a quitter. Before getting down from that fence he promised his dad that he would learn to control a curve ball or break his arm in the attempt.

The weeks and months that followed weren't arm-breaking but they were heartbreaking. That old ball simply wouldn't do what Freddy wanted it to. Again discouragement clamped his heart with its clammy hand.

It was at this point that his mother entered the picture. She saw him moping beside the kitchen stove one night. "What's ailing you, son?" she asked. "Out with it. What's on your mind?"

"Dad thinks I have the makings of a good pitcher," said the boy, "but I haven't. I can't control curves."

"Can't!" mocked his mother. "I'd just as soon hear you cuss as use that word. Your father talked to me about your pitching. He said you could. That's a better word. If I were you, I wouldn't give up. Your dad would be pretty disappointed if you did. I'd do or die!"

Thus was another of those old-fashioned maxims handed to the Hoosier youth. And, knowing now that to fail would cause a double disappointment in his home, Freddy set his jaw and determined to do or die!

His pal in those days was a kid named "Highpockets" Daniels. Highpockets got the workout of his life during the next few months. Young Fitzsimmons really bore down. His father helped him a lot, too. Among other things he did to encourage the boy was to show him different ways to hold a ball. And here is something that will surprise a lot of ball fans: Fitz, Sr., is the real father of the famous knuckle ball! It was he who taught young Fitz how to throw it. Father and son worked together on

that a long time. The first time Freddy threw one to his pal, Highpockets almost broke his back going after it. The ball sailed through the air until it was within a few feet of the catcher's hands, then seemed to flutter for a fraction of a second before taking a sudden downward drop. "Whew!" ejaculated Highpockets. "What was that?"

"That's my knuckle ball," Fitz told him, and knuckle ball it became. On it he rode into baseball's hall of fame. In the years that followed he devoted hundreds of hours to practicing to get speed as well as control in throwing it. Eventually he mastered both. Other pitchers have used it with some success, but none ever managed to get the speed or the sharp break to it that make Fat Freddy Fitzsimmons' "butterfly" the outstanding heave in baseball. He has tried to teach many young pitchers how to use the knuckle ball. Maybe these youngsters never heard the two old copybook maxims his mother and dad tossed at him.

When Fitz broke into professional baseball with the Muskegon Club of the Central League back in 1920, the knuckle ball served him well. At least, he won 50 per cent of the games he pitched during the three years he was with that team.

He served five years in the minors before he got his break. It came one afternoon in the spring of 1925, when he was pitching an exhibition game for the Indianapolis club of the American Association against the New York Giants at Plant City, Florida. The old knuckle ball was behaving nicely, and John J. McGraw squirmed on the side lines as Fitz mowed down some of the Giants' heavy hitters.

McGraw never forgot the roly-poly shuffling flinger who had the Indian sign on his wrecking crew that day. In August of that year, when the Giants began to sag after having won four straight championships, he left his team at Cincinnati and went to Indianapolis, where he made a deal which took Freddy Fitzsimmons to the New York Giants.

WHEN McGraw turned up at the Polo Grounds with Fat Freddy in tow, baseball writers from the Battery to the Bronx groaned in disappointment. "This guy Fitzsimmons won't do!" they cried almost unanimously. But he did do, very well, until 1935, when the old soupbone began to ache and play tricks. From 1925 to 1934 inclusive, Fitz won for the Giants 154 games and lost 97, for a winning percentage of .653.

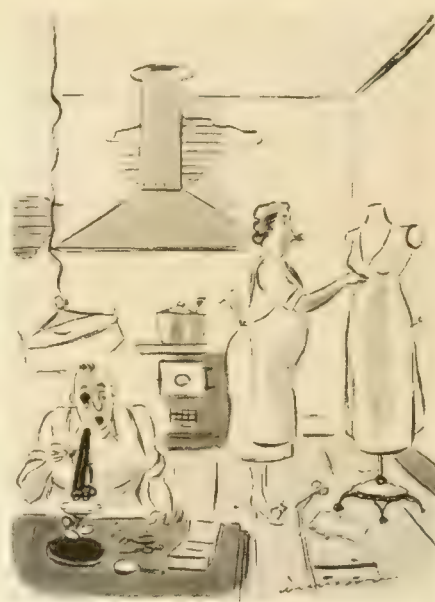
In '35, when his arm went haywire, he was thirty-four. With an unhinged arm and that many years behind him, the average ballplayer would have hung up his mitt and called it a day. But not Fitz! He still dreamed of winning 200 games. Only forty-six more and he'd be in. But not even an extraordinary fellow like Fitz could expect to win that many ball games against National League batting with an arm that pained fearfully every

time he lifted it higher than his waist. He went to Bill Terry, who had succeeded McGraw as manager of the Giants, and talked it over.

"I ain't through," he told Terry. "I'll never quit, but—"

Terry admired that kind of courage. "You've come a long way," he said, "on a couple of old wheezes that you got from your mother and dad. Now I'll give you one: 'A man with guts may be down but he's never out.'"

Fitz' old battery mate, Gus Mancuso, was a sympathetic listener. When Terry turned away, Gus piped up, "Maybe an operation would fix the old wing, Fitz. Maybe that's



"What happened to that pin I was writing the Lord's Prayer on?"

what Bill meant." Fitz grabbed at that flimsy straw. He went to the best surgeons. Yes, they opined, they could fix his arm so it wouldn't hurt him, but he'd never be able to pitch again.

"I'll take a chance," declared Freddy. A few days later he spent two and a half hours on an operating table. At the end of that period, although the surgeons weren't through, they had to call it a day because he was too close to the danger line. They sewed up the old wing and put him to bed. Then pneumonia hit him. When he regained consciousness they were feeding him, drop by drop, through his veins. Then followed a pain-racked ten days when he spat up so much blood he hasn't been able since to look at anything red without flinching.

Six weeks after leaving the hospital Fitz asked Terry for a chance to do his stuff. "A guy with guts always gets a chance from me," said Terry. Up in the press box the scribes shook their heads and said, "They never come back!" Freddy had heard that one, too, but he didn't believe it. He went out there and won the ball game for the Giants.

The following year, 1936, he won ten games and lost seven. Not a re-

markable record by any means, but nine of those winning games came in a row. Not bad for a guy whose throwing arm, when stretched as straight as possible, is curved like a half-moon.

In 1937 it really looked as if Fat Freddy had reached the end of the baseball trail. Terry was desperately seeking new blood for his pitching staff. Although Bill wasn't quite sure Brooklyn was still in the league, he heard of a youngster named Tom Baker who was hurling for the Dodgers and who had the makings of another Dazzy Vance. He took a peek at this big young right-hander and immediately made a deal which ended Freddy Fitzsimmons' illustrious career with the Giants.

"When Terry told me he had traded me to Brooklyn," said Freddy, "I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the world. That night, when I told Mrs. Fitzsimmons what had happened, she chided me for moaning about my bad luck. Then, for the first time in my life, I had one of those old maxims sung to me. Helen—that's Mrs. Fitz—began singing 'Every cloud has its silver lining.' I couldn't help smiling as I listened."

THE prophecy in Mrs. Fitzsimmons' song didn't come true the first or second season that Fat Freddy was with the Dodgers. In fact, in '39, when he won only seven and lost nine, there was a lot of talk of sending him to the coaching lines. Some of this talk was so loud Freddy heard it. And he got mad—at himself. Next thing he knew he was talking to himself. "Look here!" he was saying. "You're right in your prime. You're in good condition, too. You can still outsmart a lot of those guys who think they can hit. Use your bean! Go out on that old mound and fight! Pitch with your head!"

Somehow, at the start of the 1940 season, he convinced Leo "Lippy" Durocher, manager of the Dodgers, that he still had a lot to give. Durocher gave Fitz a chance. And look what happened! Eighteen times in the 1940 season Fat Freddy shuffled to the mound. Sixteen times he called sufficiently loud enough on his courage, his skill, his knowledge, and his old knuckle ball to hang up victories. Only twice did these reserves fail him. But with those sixteen winning efforts the aging Freddy rode right into baseball's Hall of Fame with a season's percentage of .889; crashed the gate into that select circle of pitchers who have won 200 games, and, to top it off, on Father's Day was chosen as the "Outstanding Father in Sports." The silver lining of that dark old cloud sure was shining through.

Bill Terry? Oh, while Fitz was sparking the Dodgers into making their sensational showing in 1940, Terry discovered Brooklyn was still in the National League. Terry's dad should have told him that a pitcher in hand is worth two from the bushes.

THE END



“Design, brother, modern design is plenty important!”



• Look around—America.

Look in the Service. Look wherever you see young people. Something is happening in the cigarette business. A basic improvement in cigarette design is here.

It's Pall Mall—modern, streamlined,—over 20 per cent longer than your old cigarette,—designed for better smoking.

See what this step-forward in cigarette design does for you!

It is a scientific fact that tobacco is its own true filter. In Pall Mall the additional length travels the smoke further—giving you not

alone a longer cigarette but a better cigarette—a definitely milder, a definitely cooler smoke.

Pall Mall is a smoother cigarette, too. BULKING—that natural process revived by Pall Mall—lets time do what machines can only approximate. BULKING causes the traditionally fine tobaccos of Pall Mall to mellow, softens all traces of harshness. As a result, Pall Mall is a really smoother smoke.

“Design, brother, modern design is plenty important!”

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

“WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE”

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST

Answers

THE LATE AMBASSADOR

DODD



William Randolph Hearst.

Fulton Oursler,

Editor of Liberty Magazine:

The false statement that in my purely newspaper interview with Chancellor Hitler I negotiated with him for an International News Service contract, or that I asked or received any favor or advantage whatever from him or the German government, must be corrected.

No such matters were discussed, nor have I myself or the International News Service or any part or department of any institution or organization of mine ever received or desired any financial bonus or benefit from the German government or from any foreign government or from any representative of any foreign government.

Our institution is wholly and absolutely American throughout, and stands entirely on its own free American feet.

My interview with Chancellor Hitler was purely a news interview such as I have had from time to time, and always endeavor to have, in the pursuit of my occupation as editor and correspondent, with leading public men everywhere.

The full text of the interview was published in the English newspapers and in the American newspapers.

Nothing was said that was not publishable, and nothing was withheld from publication.

Mr. Harry Crocker, scion of the well known San Francisco family of that name, was present at the interview.

The question of whether I should see Mr. Hitler and what I should say to Mr. Hitler was discussed in general with Mr. Louis B. Mayer before the interview took place.

All the evidence as to the accuracy of this statement of mine is at the disposal of your attorneys.

Furthermore, the books of the International News Service are open to your investigation.

After finding my statements substantiated in every particular, I shall expect an adequate retraction of an allegation which has no basis except the vaporings of a lot of irresponsible Communists.

W. R. HEARST.

February 2, 1941.

Dear Mr. Hearst:

Liberty published excerpts from Ambassador Dodd's Diary believing it to be an historical document and a matter of news and public interest.

You have denied the truth of the statements therein contained concerning International News Service and yourself.

After having made an investigation, including an examination of books and records of International News Service, Liberty is convinced that Ambassador Dodd was misinformed as to the facts of your meet-

ing with Adolf Hitler, and his Diary in so far as it refers to you is incorrect.

Liberty regrets the injustice which the publication of Mr. Dodd's erroneous statement has done you and is glad to publish this full retraction.

FULTON OURSLER.

February 5, 1941.

An Important Safety Message!

THERE HAVE BEEN four great inventions of immense importance to greater safety in motoring. The first was the Safety-Steel Body. The second was the Hydraulic Brake. The third was Safety Glass.

The fourth, offered for the first time this year on the new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, and Chrysler Cars *exclusively*, is a new Safety Rim Wheel.

As every motorist knows, a flat tire can cause trouble when you are traveling along the road.

This patented new Safety Rim Wheel is designed to prevent a tire from twisting, or crushing down into the center of the rim, or rolling off the wheel, in case of a blowout or puncture.

With an ordinary wheel, a flat tire may be "chewed up" quickly unless the car is brought to a stop in a short distance.

The important point is, with this new Safety Rim Wheel, the tire is held in place and you have more time to slow down and stop your car more safely, and with less damage to the tire.

Test drivers, experimenting with blowouts, give glowing testimony. They say you are hardly conscious of having a blowout on either front or rear wheels until you slow the car down to stop it.

This new safeguard against the effects of a puncture or blowout should be good news to all motorists.

Chrysler Corporation pioneered Hydraulic Brakes, popularized the Safety-Steel Body, was one of the first users of Safety Glass, and is now proud to make this new and vastly important contribution to greater safety in motoring.

Safety Rim Wheels not only mean more safety for you and your family, but also for others on the road. Already, nearly 2,000,000 of these new Safety Rim Wheels are in use.

You get Safety Rim Wheels on the new 1941 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler Cars *only—and you pay nothing extra for them!*

CHRYSLER CORPORATION
PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DE SOTO • CHRYSLER

CORT was in Mandalay, leisurely drinking himself to death and waiting without impatience for the October snipe shooting, when the fourth munitions lorry went over the ravine's rim near Chefang. I didn't hear about this lorry until later, since I was in Mandalay myself, paying for Cort's drinks and striving to smash his indifference.

The trouble was, he had seen too much of the war. He had been one of the thousands scurrying under bombs in Nanking. He had helped the hordes of homeless in Kanchow. Not once but half a hundred times he had seen skies filled with Japanese planes and roads choked with the bodies of Chinese soldiers. People starving. People wandering. Weary, hopeless, homeless people dying because it was easier to die than to keep on trying to live.

Worst of all, Cort with his own eyes had witnessed the total destruction of his pet Yangtze bridge.

"Eighteen months," he said bitterly, "eighteen months I sweated over that job, in a pest village, fighting stupidity, training ignorant men, coddling them, cursing them, to get my bridge up. Then what? Some fool starts a war. A miserable Jap flyer I could lick with both hands tied behind me comes sky-riding along and drops a stick of bombs.

bombs, his rivers choked with dead and dying, his bridges blasted.

I knew I was beaten. This man was going home, disillusioned. Nothing I had said or could say was going to change his mind. "This fool world doesn't need me," he was going to snarl. "Let the dogs fight; let them have it, rip it apart. I've got a piece of land in Michigan, friend, where I can put together a cabin that won't be just another target for some hop-head in a cockpit."

I tried—and he said it. Finishing my drink, I put the glass down and shook my head. It was hard. This haggard six-footer who looked ten years older than his thirty-six, this disillusioned, bitter, half-drunk giant was our last hope. And I had failed.

I opened my billfold, and out fell a photograph. Of a girl.

Cort glanced at me and reached for it. Builder of beautiful things, this man had an analytical eye for beauty. "Nice," he observed. "Who is she?"

"What do you care? You're going back to Michigan."

He shrugged.

"Her name," I said with a certain grimness, "is Mildred March. She is a nurse at the mission hospital at Namkhan." He gave no sign that he had heard. "University of Michigan," I added, intently watching him, "class of '36."

"This is a hell of a place," Cort

I went up to them, swag-gering. "We've cleaned them out!" I shouted.

**Romance, 1941 . . . A thrilling tale of
a gallant girl and a dark adventure**

Nightmare for Three

Ten seconds' work, and my eighteen months' hard labor is gone."

That was the festering sore in his side, but it wasn't all. Cort had been seven years in China. For three of those seven he'd been the engineering brains of China, building roads and bridges, creating civilization out of swamp and ravine and desolation. Only to see his roads ripped up by

said, "for a Michigan co-ed. She's got more beauty than brains."

My farewell was chilly.

THEY had brought in the driver of the fourth lorry and were working on him when I got back. Poor fellow, he was in bad shape. Delirious, he babbled dazedly in Chinese that the demons of the road had not got





him; he had outwitted them, by Tao!—and was safe in Chefang, with the treacherous first leg of the trip behind him. As a matter of fact his truck had slid off the slippery road at a curve and hurtled over a precipice. They had been ten hours getting him out.

He was the fourth in two weeks. One had died at the hospital; another had miraculously escaped with minor bruises; the third—a lad new to the road—was entombed in the cab of his truck at the bottom of the Salween. Looking down from the Hweitung suspension bridge, you could see the truck.

Good drivers, all of them. Good to begin with, and rigorously trained to combat the unbelievable hazards of the Burma Road. But the devastating rains of the monsoon season had transformed that ribbon of highway into an unpredictable serpent that bared its fangs when least expected.

I had stopped in Lashio to report my failure to company officials responsible for my hurried trip to Mandalay. Now I shed my role of envoy and stepped into the more familiar setting of hospital operating room. My colleague, Dr. Kenton, was a bit old for this sort of thing. A leg was to be amputated.

"Is he coming?" Mildred asked.

"Cort, you mean? No," I said bluntly.

She read my disappointment and bitterness, and asked no questions.

*by Hugh
B. Cave*

But I was wrong about Cort. He came.

He arrived at noon a day later, his borrowed car a ludicrous sight in its overcoat of mud. Unshaven, his eyes inflamed from the necessary incessant staring through a mud-smeared windshield, he pushed through the crowd of curious children at the gate and saluted me with an indifferent lift of his hand. "Quite a place you've got here," he observed.

Struggling to control my eagerness, I said, "You've reconsidered, Jim?"

"No," he said, "I've not reconsidered. Just fed up with Mandalay. Mandalay is depressing, Kipling to the contrary."

My hopes died. Cort was no longer drunk, but his hell-with-it philosophy had hardened like concrete. "You'll want a bath," I said resignedly.

He shrugged again, watching a slim figure in nurse's uniform hurrying across the garden. A Burmese girl. But when I excused myself and went inside, he followed me.

That night we talked a bit—about

home, the war, about the other war which to us in the East was unreal and of little importance. Now and then Cort's bitterness erupted, like blood from a pulsing wound, and the cries of one of our patients created an appropriate background for his mood.

Not without a certain grim satisfaction, I told him we were full up; he would have to sleep in the office.

Mildred came in to speak to Dr. Kenton about a patient. Cort stared and she smiled at him, and following my introduction she gravely shook hands and told him that Americans were not too common in Namkhan. He must have realized, as he looked at her and heard the low, cool challenge in her voice, that the snapshot had not done her justice.

Even in her uniform—or perhaps because of it—she was dark-eyed and lovely. On Park Avenue, where beauty is common, she would have attracted attention. Against the mud and suffering and gaunt majesty of China she was a vision that could not be real, and yet was real as China itself.

Cort silently smoked a chain of cigarettes after her departure, and I watched him closely, guessing his thoughts. He had expected easy laughter, the obvious light reference to dear old alma mater. He had seen an angel in uniform, an angel in a hurry, with no time for him.

He was thrilled, and he was disappointed. Wasn't she aware that he had inconvenienced himself, purely on her account, to come to this God-forsaken hole?

At dawn the trucks began rolling through Namkhan, a long churning line of them, mud-caked and drab, driven by sober Chinese. Cort came sleepy-eyed to the veranda to watch. How the devil could a man get any sleep in this place? he wanted to know.

I told him there were more important things here than sleep. "Those trucks are loaded with supplies and munitions." I waved to a driver I knew and he waved back—a sixteen-year-old who had been released from our hospital only a week ago, after a landslide had rolled his truck over upon him while he lay beneath it, making repairs.

"They're the hope of China," I told Cort. "By the Burma Road those supplies will reach Chiang Kai-shek. At any rate, some of them will. Ahead lie hundreds of miles of the most dangerous motor road on earth—hairpin turns and devilish precipices, mud and swamps and landslides and washouts." I was putting it on thick deliberately, but at the same time my voice acquired an edge not of my own making. "Some of those trucks will get through," I told him; "others won't. You could be a big help, Cort. With your brains you could pull the fangs of the Burma Road."

Others, too, watched the trucks roll by. Big-eyed kids and frowning

oldsters, coolie laborers and grave young soldiers in uniform. To the east, embattled armies doggedly worried the invader, their hopes pinned on the Burma supply route.

"One Jap bomber," Cort observed, "and where would your road be? No, thanks, friend. Include me out."

SEVERAL times during the following few days he ran into Milly.

That was not difficult, of course. Our little place was filled with suffering, and she had to stay close to her duties. We had only three other nurses, two of them Shan girls, and all were living on their nerves.

He talked to her at every snatched opportunity. He did his level best—and his best was something to admire—to arouse in her some recognition of the fact that he was an American male, not unattractive. But the trucks were rolling. The Burma Road was claiming its grisly toll.

Cort must have seen some of the horror that flowed through with the backwash—horror that came back down the road as inevitably as homeless refugees pour past an invading army. A landslide swept three lorries into the Mekong. Another skidded from a twisting thread of road high on the Tali plateau, where torrential rains had churned up seas of mud. The Mangshih detour trapped others.

He must have seen the twisted, broken bodies that were carried into the hospital, for he was there, walking among the mohur trees or brooding on the veranda. And surely he heard the terror talk. Burma Road was accursed! Burma Road was guarded by demons!

But Cort had not come to Namkhan for any of this. He had but one aim, and persevered doggedly toward its culmination. At last he won.

That is to say, he won his chance to talk to her. Happening upon her in my office, he shut the door and forced her into a chair and stood over her.

I heard what he said. His booming voice stopped me as I came along the corridor, and shamelessly I stepped closer to the door to listen.

"You need a change from all this," he said. "Look at yourself! You're young, beautiful. And what's happening to you? I'll tell you! You're wearing yourself out, throwing your youth away. Look, Miss March . . . Mildred . . ." and now his voice ceased trumpeting and became cello-soft with persuasion. "Come down to Mandalay with me for a few days. We'll have fun, forget all this. We'll enjoy life. How about it?"

I thought the silence that followed his harangue would never come to an end. But into it at last, like a breath of breeze into a dead calm, came Mildred's low voice, gathering force and momentum, controlled but brittle with bitterness.

"I might go to Mandalay, Mr. Cort. I'd like that very much. In three years I've been there only once . . . and Mandalay is beautiful, isn't it?"

"But, you see, I'm needed here. This is a hospital, and into it, day and night, come poor human beings who need care. In a way it's your fault that I'm here, Mr. Cort. If you would, you could whip the Burma Road. You could reduce its death toll and make it reasonably safe. But you don't. Oh, no. You're fed up with that sort of thing. You're tired. You stand around waiting for me to admire you—and I do admire what you used to be—but what can I think of a man who hangs around here day after day without seeing the broken bodies that are brought here?"

"No, Mr. Cort, I haven't time to go to Mandalay."

Jim Cort didn't answer. The door opened and Milly went past me without speaking, her lovely face pale.

That afternoon he got into his car and drove away. Gone, I thought. He won't be back.

IT was three days before I heard more of him, and then what I

heard was fragmentary, to say the least. A dirty unshaven American, with the voice of a bull and the tirelessness of a tractor, had rounded up half a hundred Shan-Tyok coolies from the paddy fields and was working on the road near Chefang. He drove a government car; therefore he had the blessing of the authorities. He had obtained equipment and supplies, and had organized a camp.

In addition he had acquired some problems, not the least of which was an epidemic of malaria. But Cort was working.

A week later he had moved on to the Mangshih hills. Here his problems increased. He had to contend with apathetic labor. He had to lick landslides that had broken the hearts of scores of Chinese engineers. The road itself, a treacherous track hacked out of shale and laterite, conspired to defeat him.

The driver whose leg I had amputated said to me, "No man make that part of the road less terrible." But Jim Cort proved him wrong.

He became a legend. He was everywhere at once, in Tsu-yung, in Siakwan, in the Lungling sector, establishing road camps, bribing coolies to work for him, fighting fever and dissension and cupidity. Unbelievable tales reached us of a grim American who never slept, a godless god who ruled lesser men with an iron hand.

Then came trouble.

There was bound to be trouble. There had been trouble before, with traitorous coolies to whom the bribes of enemy agents were too great a temptation. Culverts were blown up. A charge of dynamite sent tons of rock roaring down upon a train of supply trucks. Disaster dogged Cort's footsteps. Coolies deserted to their paddy fields, whispering fearfully that the road was peopled by demons.

Jim Cort raged up and down the road. He begged for soldiers to enforce his demands, and was politely

told that the army was needed elsewhere. He entreated the local rulers to apply pressure, but the local rulers were less powerful than the demons.

Broken bodies began to arrive at our hospital again. Officials of the government transportation company shook their heads. "It is too big a job," they said, "for any one man."

But Jim Cort fought the ghostly demons with phantoms of his own making. He drove the evil spirits from the road and sent them to haunt the paddy fields of the recalcitrant coolies. For a week, night after night the awesome devils of Jim Cort danced amid floating magic fire on the flooded terraces!

How many drums of gasoline he poured upon the fields to create his phantoms, no one will ever know. But the coolies returned to the road camps. By Tao, the angry American was more powerful than the demons! They would serve and obey him!

As for the sabotage, he fought it singlehanded and in time caught some of the culprits. Having caught them, he could have turned them over to the authorities—but that was old stuff. His own method of punishment was far more effective in curbing future greed for enemy bribes.

He simply packed his catch of culprits into a truck, drove them onto the suspension bridge above the Salween, and tossed them into the river. There is a monstrous demon, the daddy of all demons, lurking in the Salween's icy depths. Every Chinese knows about it.

The sabotage ended abruptly, and trucks rolled again over Burma Road.

Which brings us to the night of November 4—for three of us a night that will not soon be forgotten.

THAT very afternoon Jim Cort had paid us his first visit since his talk with Mildred in my office. Their conversation this time had run along far different lines. They had walked together in the garden, and I had watched them—and I had tried very hard to think of the work Jim Cort was doing on the Burma Road and of his worth to China.

But he had been gone an hour or so when I stepped into my office for some papers and found the note on my desk. And when I read the note, I didn't think of Cort's worth to China; my dazed thoughts were of things far more personal.

My hands shook as I read: "Sir: Of undeniable interest to your Mr. Cort will be the fact that we now hold as hostage the woman in whose eyes he finds heaven. You will inform him, please, that no great harm will come to her if Mr. Cort departs immediately for Rangoon, not to return."

I looked around me, weak with fear. Night had fallen. Darkness lay flat and still against the windows.

"Kenton!" I shouted, rushing into the hall. "Dr. Kenton!"

But it was too late for that sort of thing. Her room was empty and she was gone. We searched the hospital.

Duplicates!

BOTH plain and iodized have *non-caking* cube crystals and a spout that won't tear out!



**WHEN IT RAINS
IT POURS**

YET COSTS AN AVERAGE FAMILY

ONLY 2¢ A WEEK!

We combed the grounds and the neighborhood. No one could say exactly when last she had been seen.

Through my sick mind raced some of the tales I had heard since coming here—of hill bandits who worked by night, of the rape of Wanting by fierce Kachins; tales of horror and frightfulness to make men fear the dark. Where had they taken her? What would they do with her?

I sent a messenger to find Jim Cort, and at two o'clock that morning he, too, read the note left on my desk. His big hands curled and the cords of his neck reddened. Bitter fury iced his eyes. "Yellow dogs!" he cried. "This is inside work!"

"I know," I said. "Some one we trust. Some one here at the hospital. . . ."

"And they'll be watching me," Cort declared. "So we'll give them something to watch! Get me a man my height, who looks enough like me to take my place."

ONLY he and I and his substitute were in on it. We dared trust no one else. The youth I led to the office was tall as Cort, if not so rugged. He got into Cort's clothes, listened attentively to instructions, nodded, showed his teeth in a self-conscious grin, and walked out to Cort's car. He was Chinese, but with his height and his swagger he looked American. We watched him drive away, then went to work.

Some one in the hospital, of course. Some one who had seen Mildred and Cort together, and had been close enough to observe Cort's feelings for her. That, at least, limited our suspects to a workable few.

One by one I led them to my office, seated them, forced them to copy the note. Questioned them. Confronted them with Jim Cort. Our man betrayed himself in two ways—by endeavoring too obviously to disguise his handwriting and by allowing disbelief to widen his eyes when they focused on the man he thought had departed an hour ago.

He was a Gurkha caretaker, jack-of-all-work, small and slight, and rather decently educated. Caught, he stubbornly refused to admit his guilt until, in the privacy of my office we roped him to a chair, removed his shoes, and for two long hours slapped the soles of his feet with a braided leather belt. He talked then.

A Mr. Y. Ling, a Namkhan merchant, had approached him yesterday, he said. There had been an exchange of five hundred Chinese dollars in return for which our Gurkha caretaker had delivered to Mr. Ling certain keys and imparted necessary information concerning Mildred's routine.

The girl had gone to her room soon after dark, to find Mr. Ling's men concealed there, awaiting her.

"They will have taken her to a place in the hills," our man reluctantly confided. "A place north of here about six miles. I heard them speaking of it."

I said to Cort, "They think you've

left; therefore we've a chance of surprising them. Southwest Transportation will lend us some men—we can get some soldiers at the Wanting customs, or at the Frontier Force." I paused, hoping he would snarl at me and shake his head. And he did.

"We go alone," he countered. "It's stealth we need, not an army." Releasing our weeping Gurkha, he hauled that unhappy creature to his feet. "With this to show us the way, we'll take our chances."

Namkhan slept and the night was black. We told no one we were leaving but departed like ghosts and let the darkness swallow us. The Gurkha walked ahead on his sore feet, around his neck a rope the other end of which was caught in Jim Cort's fist. His hands were bound to make him even more docile.

Namkhan slept and we prowled through it, beyond it, into the hills above. Dark, those hills, and coldly wet after weeks of torrential rains. The dark closed around us and we dared use no light, but our Gurkha knew the way; his sore feet felt for the path that took us ever upward, high above the town, high above the road itself, into an eerie wilderness.

An hour passed. We were mud to our knees and weary. The trail was still under us and still climbing, while behind lay roaring streams we had crossed, and devilish narrow fissures up which we had worked our way. And now we crawled to the black rim of a rocky cup to look down upon a fire and upon sleeping shadows huddled about it.

"This is the place," our Gurkha whispered. "How many are here I do not know, but they are fierce and they are armed." He squatted, and raised his bound hands to the noose in which his neck was caught. He wrenched it loose and opened his mouth wide to wake the sleepers—and the toe of Cort's boot struck him full in the throat, hurling him flat.

WE left him and went on, but now our progress was maddeningly slow. They had picked their nest well, these vultures, the sides of it ragged and steep, of soft shale only too eager to slide under an intruder's feet and sound a warning.

A sleeper stirred, rose to his knees, and looked about him, though we had made no sound. He bent to the glowing fire and the flames leaped to consume a handful of brush he threw to them. We saw at the back edge of this deeper glow a pair of rude huts, tentlike affairs of skins and grass.

"She'll be in one of those," Cort decided.

He outlined a plan. We were armed, both of us, but he passed his gun to me, along with his belt of cartridges, and vanished into the darkness to my left. His was the more difficult assignment, for through that treacherous dark he must circle the fire and arrive at the rear of the rude huts which again, with the dying of the flames, were invisible. This he must do with-

out arousing half a score of nomads whose animal existence had no doubt developed in them a sixth sense for danger.

Yet of the pair of us, Cort was far better equipped for the task. Jim Cort, adventurer! I think I envied him. I think I was afraid not for him but for myself, dreading what I might later see in a girl's eyes.

I lay on my stomach, with Cort's Luger and my own laid out in front of me in readiness. Time crawled. Never before had thirty minutes been so interminable! The wind whispered in restless leaves, the fire crackled, sleeping forms stirred and were still again, and the weight of my body pressed moisture from the black earth . . . and I waited.

BRIEFLY in the opposite dark a nightingale's song trembled on the eerie stillness. Our signal! My right hand closed about the butt of Cort's gun. I took aim carefully and began to squeeze the trigger.

I think not one of them at the fire got to his feet, but of course there were others. They swarmed from the huts and from the near-by darkness. Some dropped. Some fled shrieking. Others, with more courage, located me and rushed me.

There were more than we had estimated, more than my two weapons could deal with, and I had no time in those racing moments to reload. A gun in each hand, I pushed erect and laid about me, knowing fear but strangely elated by the thought that I was more to this than a sniper; that my life, now, was unexpectedly at stake with Cort's. Perhaps, by the Lord, the look in her eyes would be for us both!

I gave the devils a time of it. The terrain was my ally; they had to climb to reach me, and climbing, could be hurled back. In one thing our Gurkha had erred—they were not armed, except with stones they snatched up to fling at me. And in the dark I was a poor target.

I think I felt, in those few moments, something of the exultation that must flow in the blood of a Jim Cort—and in any man who communes with the gods. It may be in us all, hidden in most by a culture veneer too tough to be torn. It was in me, at any rate, and for a very little while that night I was God, stark punisher of the wicked!

Exultantly yelling, I smashed my way to the fire—I, a genteel doctor at the Namkhan hospital, turned savage! I cleared the camp, and turned from my noisy pursuit of the last escaping stragglers only when Cort's voice brought me up short.

With her in his arms he came striding to the light, and I went up to them, swaggering. "We've cleaned them out!" I shouted. "You should have seen them scatter, Cort!" How he must envy me my moment of triumph, this man who had become a legend from one end of China to the other! "You should have seen—"

His steadying hand fell on my arm.

"But they'll be back, friend, before the reporters get here. Let's go, quickly and quietly."

WRAPPED in blankets, Mildred sipped hot tea on the couch in my office and assured us again that no harm had come to her. Color had returned to her face and she had stopped shivering.

Cort smoked in silence, his gaze fixed on this girl whose scorn, some weeks ago, had plunged him into a turmoil of action. Rudely he looked at her. In spite of myself, I found the air in our little office unbearably hot and stifling.

"Well," he said, "have I earned that vacation trip to Mandalay?"

The question was put to her, but she looked to me for the answer, and for a moment we were all three silent. I thought of moonlit nights in Mandalay, and of this giant with the mocking eyes, this Jim Cort, walking with her beside Kipling's river. And I saw him here in this office, sweating as he whipped the bare feet of the Gurkha caretaker.

I saw this man, red-eyed and unshaven, gaunt from lack of sleep, lashing his gangs of grumbling coolies on Burma Road, arguing with stupid officials, smothering his anger as he patiently pressed home his teaching. I saw the bloody hands of China outstretched to him.

He had not done all this for a woman, but he thought he had—and how faint the line of difference! How wrong, at this time, to think of attempting to explain to him why he had done it! *He had* done it. Nothing else mattered.

I could not say it in so many words, nor could I ask her to say it. But looking at her I knew her answer; and looking at me she knew mine. And then Jim Cort rose, stood between us, put a hand on each of us.

"It's the devil in me," he said, smiling. "I deserve to be tarred and feathered. I've known all along."

We gasped.

"As for you, Milly," he said, his voice low with wonder, "I believe you'd have said yes, thinking I deserve it. No—don't answer. If you admit it, you'll have it to regret. If you deny it, I'll not be able to tell my mongrel grandchildren of this noble deed of mine. We'll have a drink instead."

We had a drink, the three of us, and despite Cort's easy talk it was a solemn moment—a proud moment for him, a humble one for my wife and me. "When did you learn," I asked, "that Milly is my wife?"

"Before I left Mandalay," he said. "You're known, it seems. The good doctor and his very lovely bride . . . but not a chance, I was told, for a rowdy adventurer." He grinned. "Perhaps that's why I came."

"And now," I said, "you're going back?"

"Later, perhaps," Cort declared, sipping his drink and eying the two of us. "There's a lot of the devil still left in Burma Road."

THE END



New! Extra Room for Tall Bottles with Magic Shelf!



5-Way Magic Shelf is Only One of the 1941 Extras Exclusive with KELVINATOR. . . Gives 5 Interior Arrangements in a Jiffy!



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Before you buy any refrigerator be sure to see *all* of Kelvinator's 1941 extras. You'll admire the Stainless Steel Cold-Ban that eliminates 80 dust-catching

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*PRICES SUGGESTED ARE FOR DELIVERY IN YOUR KITCHEN WITH 5 YEAR PROTECTION PLAN. STATE AND LOCAL TAXES EXTRA. PRICES ARE SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. IN VIEW OF RISING COSTS PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

This MAN'S ARMY



CONDUCTED

BY

OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

I'M at Fort MacArthur, California, and have no complaints about the life, but I do wish something could be done to make the army diet an optimum one. Why can't our daily ration include at least a pint of raw milk, two fresh raw eggs, and a raw salad? Why can't we have 100-percent entire whole cereals and grain breads with honey or maple syrup for sweetening? Why don't they serve us plenty of fresh vegetables properly steam- or pressure-cooked and fresh fruits? If that's impossible, why not utilize the many vacuum-packed or cold-canned vegetables and fruits now on the market? And where are the real health candies and ice creams and raw mixed nuts a lot of us want?

V. D. D.

The optimum diet to which you refer would provide the greatest variety of health-building food elements and has been advocated by Mr. MacLadden for many years. But, in all fairness, Old Sarge appreciates the problems and difficulties of obtaining, transporting, and preserving vast quantities of perishable foods which must first be solved and overcome and, to a great extent, dictate the present army ration. Our army is the best-fed in the world and the boys get better victuals than 70 per cent of our civilians.

Boy, oh, boy, but are the eats good here! I don't see how they do it on an allowance of less than fifty cents a day per man. It's a miracle. Cold as the hinges of hell here, too. But I haven't a kick, except about the post movies, which we pay to see. Most of them are fourth-run—or worse—and I've seen 'em all before.

B. H. L., Fort Hancock, N. J.

Pretty soft for you in the Coast Artillery. Your mess sergeants and cooks must be veterans and you're getting the benefit. If all you have to growl about is the movies, I'm not wasting any tears on your outfit.

For the past two years I have been trying vainly to replace several items of my uniforms, as they were about worn out. Each time I tried to draw clothing, the Supply Sergeant told me that all supplies were needed to outfit new recruits and the rest of us would have to get along on what we had. Now his story is changed and he claims that the Quartermaster hasn't the clothing to issue until contracts are filled. Which all stacks up to the fact that I haven't a decent complete uniform to my name. I can well understand the shortage of clothing and am perfectly willing to purchase my own uniforms, but the post tailor tells me he is not allowed to sell enlisted men's clothing, as they are furnished by the quartermaster. What would you suggest? Shall I report for work in civvies? I'm getting pretty tired of having officers call me down on my clothes.

K. D. N., Orlando Air Base, Fla.

Your officers ought to be aware of the situation, but if they're not, then you know how to put it before them. Can't blame you for bellyaching and it shows you've got pride in your appearance. Be glad you're in Florida and not one of the northern bases where you'd be shaking as well as shabby.

Can you tell me whether all the training camps have regimental or post newspapers and how can I contact them?

E. B., Eugene, Ore.

Information not available at this date, but it's a grand idea and Old Sarge would like to hear from all posts which have papers and he will be grateful for copies. The First Call, four-page weekly tabloid of the Forty-fourth Division, Fort Dix, N. J., made its debut in mid-February, and it probably won't be long before they'll all be doing it. A. E. F. veterans still claim that the Stars and Stripes was the best paper ever published.

Why don't army shoes have stiff box toes like the work shoes worn by farmers and others doing heavy duty? There have been several painful, if not serious, injuries around camp caused by men dropping heavy objects on their toes which could have been avoided with more protection around that part of the foot.

Private,
Fort Benning, Ga.

This department of Liberty is for the armed forces of the United States: the men in training, the men of the Regular Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps, and the Coast Guard—also their kinsfolk and friends. The identity of writers will be held in strict confidence, of course, though full signatures are preferred.

The present army shoe does have a semi-rigid counter in the toe, designed for maximum protection combined with maximum comfort.

My advice to you would be not to be so blankety-blank butter-fingered. Seriously, Old Sarge hears that chiropodists advocate improvements like (1) a sole of greater flexibility at the area where the foot normally bends; (2) suitable cloth linings; (3) box toes of a safety material; (4) heels one lift higher and wedged on the inner border; (5) a resilient steel shank to give support and spring at the arch area.

Would like to hear official views of the Q. M.

Here's an answer to T. F. S., Birmingham (McClellan) in Liberty, January 18, who griped because of the painful treatment he received from the dentist at his post. Yesterday I had a tooth extracted that had been paining me terrifically for a week, and I was skeptical about going to the dentist because of the reports circulating around. I finally got up my courage and went, and I'm here to state that I couldn't have received better treatment anywhere. He did a neat, clean, and painless job and I'm spreading the news so that the rest of the boys won't have the fears I had.

J. H. K., Camp Shelby, Miss.

Fair enough and credit to you for telling about it. After all, you don't expect all civilian dentists to be four-star, so why should all army dentists be top-notchers? But the average is way up.



COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane

HORIZONTAL

- 1 When he shakes his fist in their faces, his followers bow and scrape and make a terrible racket
- 10 Bow spit
- 15 What a hotfoot is to every one but the hotfootee
- 16 If the Italians retreat far enough around the world, they'll eventually arrive here
- 17 Kind of fire Nazis have kindled in British bosoms
- 18 Got all the brakes
- 20 He called her a deer thing because she spent all his
- 21 It's short and snappy
- 22 Chermamy Needs Eire! (abbr.)
- 23 Farmers'd like hens to lay eggs by

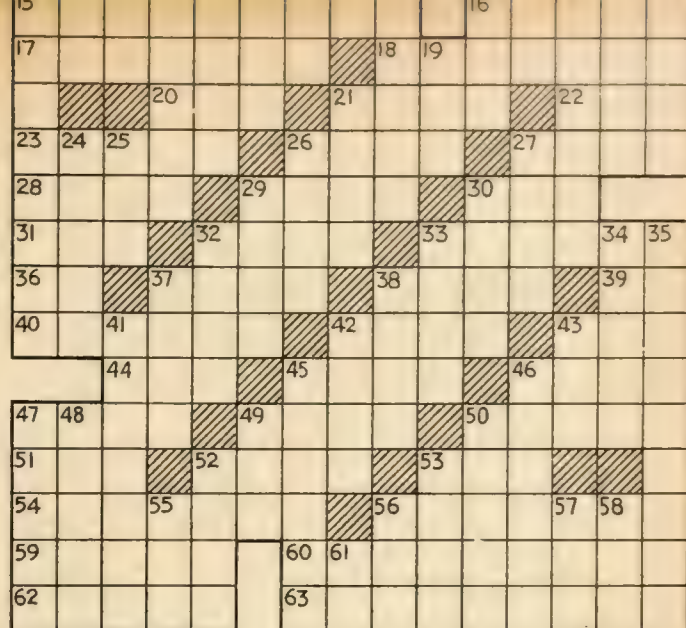
VERTICAL

- 26 Split milk not worth crying over
- 27 Chief ingredient used in making hothouses
- 28 Scramway
- 29 Kind of fighting old Broadway hams do
- 30 The Strong Man's weak solution
- 31 Pants ventilator
- 32 It takes Irish pluck to operate one
- 33 Ancient Greek doghouse
- 36 The last of Fred
- 37 Tin horse
- 38 Strange fever, causing moon madness and marriage
- 39 The hottest thing about Cleopatra
- 40 Due bills
- 42 If you dig around in this, you may come up with a lot of dough—or be left in the hole
- 43 His women just gobble up everything he says
- 44 The incumbies
- 45 Animated clothing dummies
- 46 The leg Norah put on the table
- 47 Unplug thine ear, varlet, and grab the sound waves!
- 49 One of America's biggest consumers
- 50 Proud floorwalkers
- 51 It's found attached to big corporations (abbr.)
- 52 Drizzly inside
- 53 I'm driving one at

- 54 Country that minds its own business till Germany decides to mind it for it
- 56 Stuff to the gills
- 59 Beef and crab
- 60 He's a scream on the radio—and should advertise a hair-raiser (two words)
- 62 Middle-class mink
- 63 Passes the buck laterally

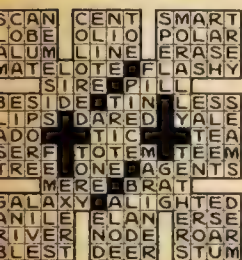
VERTICAL

- 1 Jittered gelatinously
- 2 Proletariat platinum
- 3 What a man is when he stops looking
- 4 West Pointer (slang)
- 5 Star hunter
- 6 Red ink
- 7 Soak
- 8 Cockeyed Umpires (abbr.)
- 9 Political footballs
- 10 Canny
- 11 Kid stuff
- 12 Difference between an opening and a flop (two words)
- 13 What married fighters live in
- 14 Yell about the Alps
- 19 Have a whack at it
- 21 A dear little lamb—how can you bear to pan it?
- 24 A bully covering (cockney)



- 25 400-mph. whoosh!
- 26 What people wear at all their lives to avoid in their old age
- 27 Dog fender
- 29 Nazinterdictions
- 30 General Wavell, long may he this!
- 32 Nutshells
- 33 Fodder's cannon fodder (pl.)
- 34 Coffee's best advertising
- 35 Enthusiastic messes—the cook put all she had in 'em!
- 37 'Taint (past tense!)
- 38 I hope some day to keep a pressing engagement here
- 41 A lump of lead that rose in the bridegroom's throat during the first meal she cooked
- 42 Gnat's magic carpet
- 43 How dogs register impatience
- 45 Things we never recognize in ourselves but hate in others (usually our own, too)
- 46 Cow catcher
- 47 Slangue
- 48 Excellent position for kicking (German)
- 49 America's Playground (abbr.)
- 50 Baby boulevards
- 52 Kind of rabbit
- 53 General description of young man who can't eat, sleep, or keep his mind on his work
- 55 Cramped Indian living quarters
- 56 Sez (past tense)
- 57 Glass-incased cooling system
- 58 Origin of the first spinner play
- 61 Call of the farm

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



Last week's answer

THOUSANDS OF
WHISKEY DRINKERS SAY—

"We enjoy the
delicious flavor
of Apricot Nectar!"

OLD Mr. Boston Apricot Nectar is a favorite with thousands of whiskey drinkers. Here's what they tell us! "Sure we like our whiskey," they say, "but there are times when the refreshing apricot flavor of Mr. Boston Nectar hits the spot! It's a rich, robust drink that's great on a fishing trip, a picnic and on countless other occasions—a hearty drink that needs no chaser—it's that smooth!" Try a bottle today!

A Beverage Liqueur • 70 Proof • Ben-Burk, Inc., Boston, Mass.



OLD MR. BOSTON APRICOT NECTAR

ALSO BLACKBERRY
PEACH - WILD CHERRY

By Request

BY CAROLINE CLARK

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SAM and Margie seldom quarreled, but when they did the reconciliation was usually prompt and always beautiful. But this time it was different. Oh yes, reflected Sam, stuffing his shirts into a suitcase, this time it was ve-ry different. This time it was for keeps.

In the beginning it hadn't been a matter to pull up a marriage by the roots. What if he *had* been an hour late for dinner, and what if he *hadn't* had a very stout excuse? He wouldn't have complained about the dry chops and the cold mashed potatoes. He would have eaten them and liked them, if only he could have eaten them in peace. But it was "It looks as if you could *at least* have let me know," and "After all, a woman has a right to some consideration," until finally Sam got tired of saying he was sorry and something inside him snapped. He threw down his napkin and pushed back his chair.

"You are being very silly and very unreasonable," he said to Margie, "and I'm going over to mother's until your disposition improves." His words sounded strange and he had a distinct impression of third-rate drama; but once he had said it, there was no backing down. Especially after the way Margie took it.

"All right," she said; "I think that's a very good idea. If you find me such a disagreeable person to live with, I really think you *should* go." Margie had always been sweet and charming and quick to forgive, but now her brown eyes flashed into his blue ones, and it seemed to Sam that even the little red bow atop her short black curls signaled defiance.

Sam sorted through his neckties. . . . So she wanted him to go! Maybe she had kicked up the whole thing just to get him out of the way. He could hear her in the kitchen, rattling the dishes and running water in a pan exactly as she would have been doing if he were sitting in his favorite chair reading the evening paper. It was nothing to her if her husband was leaving!

He went into the bathroom and began getting his shaving things out of the cabinet. "Plaintiff charges



that defendant, after using harsh and abusive language, willfully and without cause deserted her." "But, your Honor, I only said she was being silly and unreasonable, and she *was* being silly and unreasonable." "It is therefore the decision of this court—" That was the way people got divorces. Funny he had never thought it could happen to him and Margie.

He picked up a bottle. It said: "Sam T. McKinney. Teasp. every 3 hrs." That had been for his laryngitis, and Margie had appeared with it on the dot, kind but firm. "Time for your medicine, darling. Open your mouth and here goes!" . . . Might as well take it along.

He went back into the bedroom and dumped the things into his bag and opened the closet door. He pulled suits off hangers and pitched them over on the bed. When he came to his tan woolly house coat, he looked at it for a long moment and felt a hard painful tightening in his throat. Margie had given it to him for his birthday, and he knew that she often wore it in the daytime because it always smelled faintly of the kind of powder she used, and sometimes there were bobby pins in the pocket and he often found it with the sleeves turned back about six inches at the cuffs. He didn't mind her wearing it—in fact, he thought it was cute—but he liked to grumble about it. "If only you'd turn the cuffs down," he was always saying, "before you hang it up."

Once when he was away on a business trip he had spent three dollars

talking to her over the phone. "Why didn't you turn down the sleeves of my house coat when you took it off," he'd said, "and take the bobby pins out of the pocket?"

Margie's laugh had brought her close beside him, as close as the coat and the bobby pins and the faint smell of powder. "Did you call me up just to ask me that?"

"I called you," he had told her, "because it made me so darned homesick I just had to hear your voice."

Now Sam picked up a sleeve and held it for an instant against his cheek. Then he turned down the cuffs and took two bobby pins out of the pocket and laid them on the dresser. As he tossed it into the bag he turned and saw Margie standing in the doorway. Her cheeks were deeply pink and her eyes were still flashing.

"If you can stand to stay in this house just a few more minutes," she said, "I want you to fix the kitchen faucet. I've told you and told you but still you do nothing about it. It does look as if—"

Sam said, "All right, *all right*. I'll fix the kitchen faucet, if it's the last act of my life." He strode past her and went banging downstairs.

When Sam went back to the bedroom, he found Margie examining her face in a mirror. "Sure you've got everything?" she asked.

"If I miss anything," said Sam, "I'll send for it." He closed the bags and fastened them.

"Good-by," he said.
"Good-by."

HE had dreaded explaining to his mother, but it wasn't so bad, after all. She had helped him over many a crisis in his adolescence with a minimum of conversation and a bowl of hot mush, and he was grateful, now, that she fell back on the time-honored formula.

Later he went up to his old room and started all over on the clothes business, this time in reverse. Shirts came out of bags and went into bureau drawers. Neckties were draped on the tie rack. Then he found himself holding the tan woolly house coat, and as he looked at it the hammering in his chest grew faster and faster. The sleeves were turned back about six inches at the cuffs. He remembered distinctly having turned them down. He ran his hand quickly into the pocket, and pulled out a couple of bobby pins. . . . The shirts started coming out of the drawers almost as if they were doing it by themselves.

His mother came in and watched him. Finally she said, "Changed your mind?"

"Yep," said Sam. "When a woman asks you to come back, there's no use fooling around about it, is there?"

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1941; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

HOW MANY OF THESE 40 QUESTIONS CAN YOU ANSWER?

Science

Quiz

BY WALDEMAR
KAEMPFFERT



Grade yourself as follows:

35 Correct Excellent
30 Correct Good
25 Correct Fair
20 Correct Passing
Under 20 Failing

1—We read of synthetic rubber. What do chemists mean by synthetic rubber and have they succeeded in producing it?

2—How old are the oldest rocks?

3—Why do some insects run on water without sinking or even getting wet?

4—When a bomb explodes in London, why does glass from stores and houses so often fall into the street?

5—If we are ever to journey to Mars, why must we use a rocket ship?

6—Does lightning ever strike twice in the same place?

7—What are identical twins and how do they differ from other twins?

8—Are misshapen children the result of fright on the part of the mother?

9—Does the firing of big guns bring on rain?

10—Does war have any effect on the sex of babies? Why?

11—Is the population of the world as a whole increasing, decreasing, or remaining stationary?

12—How long can a man live without food and how long without food and water?

13—If a white man marries a woman of a different race, will their children be sickly and weak?

14—How many stars can you see on

a clear night with the unaided eye in the northern or southern hemisphere?

15—How far can electric current be sent over a wire?

16—Is there any way of seeing through mist?

17—Is there any limit to the speed of an airplane at ordinary heights?

18—What is streamlining?

19—Why is the sky blue?

20—Who invented the first commercial sewing machine?

21—Where does the United States stand as a nation of inventors?

22—Do Negroes and foreign-born Americans breed more rapidly than native Americans?

23—Can a quartet be played by one man and heard as a quartet just as if it were played by four musicians?

24—What is absolute zero and how did the term originate?

25—How fast does sound travel?

26—Who discovered radioactivity?

27—How long does it take light from the sun to reach us?

28—Why do we still talk of engines in terms of horsepower?

29—What are radio waves?

30—What was the loudest noise ever heard?

31—What is the largest fish?

32—Where does Robert Fulton stand as an inventor of steamboats?

33—Why are spiders never caught in their own webs?

34—Does an ostrich stick its head into the sand when frightened?

35—Why do the stars twinkle?

36—What is "dry ice"?

37—Does thunder sour milk?

38—Of what material are talking-machine records made?

39—Why do radio waves travel around the earth?

40—How long may the average healthy baby born today be expected to live?

(Answers will be found on page 61)

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GERMANY'S SECRET PLANS FOR



Junkers dive bombers, "Stukas," in action.

READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

This series consists of excerpts from reports to Hitler by his General Staff and his ministries. He ordered them prepared, Mr. Williams explains, for use not only in planning his all-out assault on England but in "lining up his active and silent partners" in Rome, Moscow, Paris, Madrid, and Tokyo; they were sent to his negotiators in those capitals. They are dated December 1, 1940. Mr. Williams has secured verbatim copies of these all-important excerpts through sources of his own, which cannot be identified.

The series began in Liberty last week with the report of the General Staff. All is to be in readiness for the assault by March 31. In Norway, most of the coastal bases needed should be; in Holland, transport barges and new airfields will be. Belgium is not to be the "principal sector of the offensive front." In occupied France, the "natural springboard," offensive bases on the coast from Dunkirk to Bordeaux have had to be "built from the ground up." Hitler's General Staff holds that air assault alone, even though by 30,000 planes, would not suffice, nor would destruction of England's productive capacity plus a

blockade by U-boats. United States production must not be given time to help England. The German plan calls for a closely coordinated assault by land, air, and naval forces.

There must be no distraction in the Balkans and, above all, no stoppage of Rumanian oil supplies. About Italy the General Staff is coldly contemptuous; even France, owing to her "African position," is potentially more formidable. Japan must not delay action in the Far East until certain that the assault on England will succeed. Russia cannot be expected to march in Central Asia until con-

INVADING ENGLAND

BY WYTHE WILLIAMS

Staff documents! Here, in vivid detail, is the Nazis' bid for mastery of the air

vinced of the break-up of the British Empire. However, overpowering England will lead to solution of all problems—"even those with the United States of America."

PART TWO—TEN PLANES TO ONE BY MARCH 31—AND WHY THEY WEREN'T READY BEFORE

ADOLF HITLER intends to launch his 1941 blitzkrieg against the British Isles with a grand total of 80,000 airplanes.

This information is based on a re-

no menace of invasion. Today the wings have grown strong and great. Opportunity for invasion is at hand—and the High Command of the armies of Nazi Germany appears fully prepared to grasp it.

The facts about the preparation are made very plain in this report from the Air Ministry to the office of the Reichsführer, which was appended to the report of the General Staff—treated in the preceding article of this series. In the cold-blooded business language of a direc-

was arranged in accordance with conditions as they existed prior to the occupation of the shores of the English Channel and of the Atlantic coast of France. Developments during the early stages of the conflict with the Western Powers (*Westmaechte*) placed emphasis on the construction of bombing planes with a flying radius of 2,000 kilometers or more. It was during this construction period that the Luftwaffe accumulated its great reserve of Junkers 88 and Dornier 17 bombing planes. Then came the great preparation program for the concentrated attack on the western front, which required a speed-up in the construction of Messerschmitt 109 fighting planes and the Heinkel 118 and Junkers 87-B dive bombers (*Sturzkampfflugzeuge*).

When the expectations of a negotiated peace with England, based on the destruction of the French army, vanished, the air assaults on the English island in late summer and early autumn had to be undertaken with the material then on hand—bombing planes of the Junkers 88, Dornier 17, and Heinkel 118 and 270 types, accompanied by protective waves of Messerschmitt 109 and 110 and Heinkel 113 fighter and destroyer planes. The system employed was for the destroyers to take off from their inland bases, to be joined by fighter formations based on former French airdromes near the Channel coast. It was a makeshift system which did not work to our satisfaction. Its continuation would only have led to prohibitive losses, especially in trained flying personnel.

It was realized that a war of annihilation (*Vernichtungskampf*) against England presents problems radically different from the ones faced in the war on France. While the French campaign was based on complete co-ordination between land and air forces, the English campaign is one in which the preliminary stages have to be accomplished by air forces alone. In fact, it is a threefold problem, namely: (1) To eliminate the Royal Air Force as a potent defense factor. (2) To accomplish the largest possible measure of destruction of English industrial capacity. (3) To prevent, in a large measure, the reinforcement of English defense capacity by supplies from overseas.

In organizing the new gigantic air-construction program, the British air potential had to be taken as a starting factor. According to reliable information, the present (De-



The innermost Nazi war council—Hitler, with General Keitel and, at left, Hermann Göring—pores over its invasion plans.

port by the German Air Ministry dated December 1, 1940. The document is concise and factual. Copies were sent to Hitler's plenipotentiaries in Moscow, Tokyo, Rome, Paris, and Madrid, to aid them in their negotiations for the establishment of the so-called New World Order.

No armed invader has set foot upon the shores of England for almost nine centuries—never, in fact, since England became a homogeneous nation. So long as would-be invaders were bound to the surface of sea and land, that long period of security for the island kingdom might have stretched to eternity.

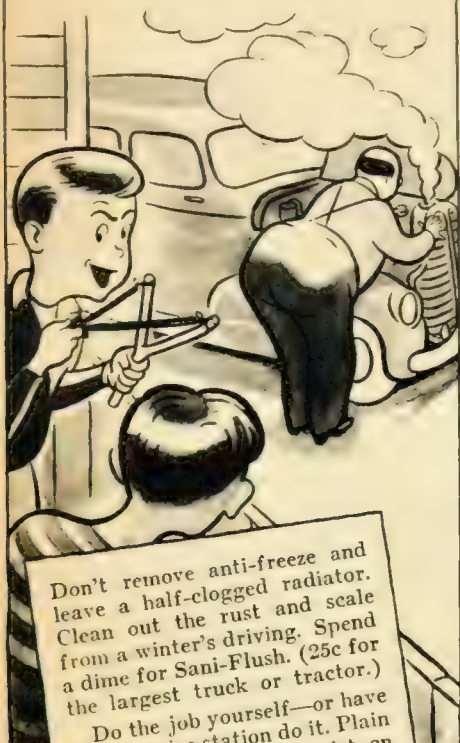
Today England faces a very real threat. Her foes no longer are earth-bound. They can rain destruction and death from the skies. In the last war, aviation was but a fledgling. The feeble fluttering of its wings held

tors' meeting, both the problem and the plan are set forth in the opening:

AS established in discussion between representatives of the Supreme Command, the Defense Ministry, the Navy Ministry, and this Ministry, the prerequisites for a complete victory over England demand the attainment of an unquestionable and overwhelming supremacy of the Reich Luftwaffe over the Royal Air Force. It was agreed that this desired ratio of supremacy should be ten to one in favor of the Reich Luftwaffe, roughly applied to all types of planes, although in certain categories the ratio may be considerably smaller.

Under manufacturing conditions such as prevailed in late summer and early autumn, the attainment of our ten-to-one ratio would have been impossible. German plane production

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ember 1, 1940) English air strength is, in round figures, 5,000 planes capable of action, exclusive of such air forces as are stationed in the Near East and elsewhere outside the English defense zone.

Four fifths of these aircraft are pursuit and fighting planes, the types being distributed approximately as follows: 1,400 Spitfires, 2,000 Hurricanes, and 600 Defiants. The remaining one fifth consists of approximately 600 Blenheim bombers with a flying radius of not over 1,200 kilometers; 300 Wellington bombers with a flying radius of not more than 2,000 kilometers, and 100 Sunderland amphibian bombers with a flying radius of not more than 3,000 kilometers. There are also approximately 100 bombers of American manufacture, but their performance has proved unreliable. The approximately 1,200 pursuit and fighter planes received from America cannot be considered an air military factor. Some additional 4,000 planes in English hands consist of the Near East force (approximately 1,200 planes) and of obsolete aircraft good for training purposes only.

Our own air forces prior to the introduction of the new construction program (October 1, 1940) consisted of a round total of 52,000 planes. Their distribution as to types is:

Messerschmitt 109	9,000
Messerschmitt 110	4,000
Heinkel 113	5,000
Heinkel 118	1,200
Heinkel 270	800
Junkers 88	3,000
Junkers 87-B	800
Junkers 96	600
Dornier 17	500
Condor 306	400

Of the previously experimental types now approved for mass production, there also are:

Heinkel 280	400
Messerschmitt 111	600
Dornier 18	200
Junkers 89-B	300

THE remaining 26,000 available aircraft consist of training, transport, hospital planes, as well as planes for other auxiliary services. Among these are the almost 10,000 fighting planes, destroyer planes, and bombing planes, which by the October order of the Supreme Air Command were relegated to the second line because of technical and production defects. These include practically the whole output of the Focke-Wulff plants.

Although the decentralized production system introduced in the aircraft industry five years ago has prevented any stoppage of production by enemy night bombings, the increased flying radius and efficiency of English Blenheim and Wellington bombers prompted the Supreme Command to issue the August order for the transfer of the principal assembly lines to absolutely safe locations in

the eastern provinces. The execution of this order imposed considerable production hardships. It was to a considerable extent the principal cause for the material shortages and production defects of the late autumn. In some cases complete factory facilities had to be shifted, as in the instance of the Junkers works in Dessau and the Focke-Wulff factories in Bremen.

But all this is behind us. It can be definitely stated now that the entire industry is in every respect fully geared for the large speed-up program decided upon in September. Even the formerly Dutch Fokker works, now moved to Ostmark, have been attached to the chain-production method. The entire great moving program has been carried out. The unfortunate disqualification of almost 10,000 aircraft is definitely overcome.

ALL aircraft engine factories operate under high pressure and the newly ordered ratio of 2.4 engines for each new plane is already surpassed in part. A repetition of the disqualifications of late autumn is entirely out of the question.

The delivery of a total of 12,000 new aircraft in the quarterly period October-December, and of an additional total of 18,000 aircraft in January-March, as planned in the new production program, is now definitely assured. Therefore it can be counted upon with a fair degree of certainty that the Supreme Air Command will have at its disposal 30,000 additional fighter and bomber planes, requested for the mass assault on the British Isles, by the arrival of spring. This will bring the grand total of our warplanes to more than 80,000.

The additional demands imposed by the contemplated transfer of one or two complete air fleets for operations on the various Italian fronts will be taken care of by the newly installed manufacturing and assembling facilities in Hungary and Rumania.

With regard to types, the new construction program puts particular emphasis on the latest accepted models of Junkers 89-B dive bombers, Dornier 18 heavy long-range bombers, Heinkel 280 and Messerschmitt 111, combination combat and bombing planes, and Junkers 96, the giant four-motored bombers of latest type with a flying radius of over 4,000 kilometers. Manufacture of the Junkers 87-B, Messerschmitt 110, and Heinkel 118 in prescribed quantities is likewise foreseen.

Enemy additions in aircraft for the same period are calculated as follows: 1,200 Spitfires, 1,800 Hurricanes, 400 Defiants, 400 Blenheims, 200 Wellingtons, 100 Sunderlands, and 200 dive bombers of a new type, based on our Junkers 87-B, construction of which the English have recently started, but which still would have to prove itself in combat conditions. These figures total well under

5,000. Our calculations are based on the disruption in English aircraft production thus far accomplished by our night raids on production centers. An increase in the intensity of our raids will result in a proportionate decrease of enemy production.

Preliminary information from overseas discloses that in the same period the English may expect the delivery of some 1,600 planes of American and Canadian manufacture. Experiences of the past few months have shown that only something like 60 per cent of American shipments actually reach the enemy shores.

The calculations incorporated in this report, in connection with the new construction program as described, have served as a basis for determining the ten-to-one potential air ratio against England to be reached by March 31, 1941.

Comment by Wythe Williams: While the above figures on the Nazis' own air strength may be considered as reasonably accurate, since no one could be better informed on this than the office of the Nazi Air Ministry, those on the English air strength can be taken as somewhat of an underestimation. The contemptuous dismissal of American plane contributions may have been justified at the time of writing, but no allowance was made for the American capacity to increase production under stress. That phase of the picture may be considerably altered to the Nazi disadvantage before very long.

THE active pilot personnel of the Luftwaffe now totals 62,540.

To this number should be added 14,230 over-age flying instructors, and 12,860 pilots of the air transport services. The first graduating class of the Youth Flyers (*Jugendflieger*), numbering 6,480, joined the Reich flying services in September. Grand total, 96,110.

The training services of our *Luftjugend* and *Jugendflieger* have now been in operation for six years. The system is extended over all the areas of the Reich. It has attained a degree of efficiency where it can now feed the Reich Luftwaffe with more than 100,000 graduates each year—this in addition to the flying personnel recruited through regular channels from other branches of the Reich defense forces. Thus our reservoir of trained flying personnel is practically inexhaustible.

We have three brand-new types that are still in the experimental stage, but which we are confident will be ready for use by spring. One of these is a Focke-Wulff destroyer plane equipped with two revolving turrets containing air cannon. The second is an entirely new departure in bombing planes designed by the Junkers works, and which we anticipate will reach a ceiling of 40,000 feet. This, of course, would place it

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completely out of reach of all currently employed types of fighter planes. The third innovation is an invisible bomber, the construction of which is under way in the Heinkel factories. We believe it will prove capable of a speed up to 400 miles an hour with a full load, placing it in the same speed class with the Stukas. Its wings and fuselage are of transparent plastic material, which will render it practically indiscernible above 3,000 feet.

Our tank-ferry transport plane, developed within the past few months, also is expected to play an important role in our spring attack on England. The carrying mechanism will release the tank when a few feet above the ground, with the plane proceeding on its flight.

Comment by Wythe Williams: This is the end of the actual report of the German Air Ministry. A brief addendum gives a graphic picture of one of the many Nazi airplane factories now working on full day-and-night schedule. British bombings of German industrial centers necessitated a shift of many production plants. The exact location of the older aircraft factories was well known to the Royal Air Force. Hitler takes no chances, and late last summer gave the order for further decentralization of the air industry. East Prussia, Silesia, Austria, Poland, the Sudetenland, Bohemia, and Moravia are now scat-

tered with plants formerly located at Dessau, Bremen, Amsterdam, and elsewhere in western Germany. I present the description of one of the new plants, which evidently is typical:

It is in the midst of a forest. So skillfully was the location chosen that as close as 500 yards one would not suspect the existence of an airplane factory. The building is unimpressive, covering less than an acre of ground, and is two and one half stories high, with the trees of the forest creeping up on it from every side and overreaching the roof by a considerable margin.

The principal work is carried on underground. There the plant branches out into a veritable city, with high, well lighted, and ventilated passages leading in various directions. It contains a large power plant, engineering and executive offices, fire station, central telephone exchange, hospital with operating room, several cafeterias, narrow-gauge electric railway connection, and other modern facilities. The underground passages lead to other buildings. Some are within a half mile of the main plant, others farther away, but all are concealed by the forest. Only the assembly work is carried out in the portions of the plant built aboveground. The buildings are painted to conform with the scenery. Their smokestacks rise among trees and can be mistaken for

such. On their roofs are planted many shrubs, blending the whole with the enveloping landscape. It is considered that an enemy pilot flying at 3,000-foot altitude would be unable to detect the plant layouts.

Comment by Wythe Williams: In October, 1940, with all his new manufacturing units going at top speed, Hitler's aircraft-production program started making greater strides than ever. During November, Nazi factories ran a grand total of 4,800 planes of all types off the assembly lines. Even this was exceeded by the staggering January, 1941, grand total of 6,020 planes—an all-time high.

The main force of the Nazi air arm, in the spring of 1941, undoubtedly will be contained in the 30,000 planes of the new, October to March inclusive, production schedule. Much will depend upon how many of these are training and transport planes. By going over the American production figures of the past few months, one finds that fully one half of the newly manufactured planes were training ships. But Hitler already had 22,000 training planes, which should be ample for his purposes. And while he has had constantly to continue building some training ships, in order to give his crop of new pilots the feel of the latest models, the proportion is likely to be small. In fact, if the ratio of the record production figure for January, 1941, is a criterion, the new construction program will total 5,000 training and transport planes, with the remaining 25,000 ships going to the active combat services.

Placing Hitler's winter losses as around 2,000 planes, or even more, he would still have available in April a total of approximately 25,000 planes grouped in operating combat squadrons, plus an equal number of combat planes held in reserve.

Just how long the Nazi war lord will be able to keep up his present hectic construction schedule is of course open to debate. It may take a gradual, perhaps even a sudden drop for any one of many possible reasons. Eventually it may be outdistanced by the continuously developing production program in the United States.

For the purposes of his 1941 blitzkrieg, Hitler appears to be in possession of immeasurable advantages. According to the evidence as reported by his Air Ministry, he has the factories, the planes, and the flying personnel. He thereby, the report shows, holds the unquestionable supremacy of numbers in the air.

How many millions of bombs has Hitler on hand for his all-out assault, and where are they? Is gas to be used? Just how does he plan his air force's opening thrust to be followed up by air infantry, motorized air cavalry, tanks from barges—and, finally, by his huge army itself? Plain answers to all these ominous questions will be found in the secret report of his Defense Ministry which Mr. Williams will make public in Liberty next week!



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NOW I understand how Fred Waring of radio fame has been able to turn out forty original college songs in one year, meanwhile keeping up his regular program engagements. I spent a recent evening at his workshop, where, despite professional skill, the atmosphere is collegiate with fun and frolic. For example: You've seen candid photographs galore, taken on the sly when the subject wasn't looking—but have you heard any *candid radio recordings*? They are rare collectors' items. Somebody turns on the recording machine in secret during a studio rehearsal. Unaware that their words are being perpetuated, the sweet-voiced radio performers bawl each other out in language that would curl your hair. Then the transcription is spirited away to be enjoyed by very private audiences. Fred Waring has a choice library of candid. You'd roll on the floor if you could hear his sneak record of a studio fracas between a certain impresario and a dumb trombone player. . . . College interests come naturally to Mr. Waring. His great-grandfather was a founder of Pennsylvania State College, from which Fred graduated into engineering—with a talent for mechanics that helped bring forth his Waring Mixer, an aid to all on fruit and vegetable diets. . . . To get back to his college songs: He employs a research assistant who devotes full time to studying college lore. Fred feels justifiably proud of his Nebraska University song based on American Indian music. One of his best, he thinks, is the song he wrote for the Texas College for Women.

★ Great events are hatching so rapidly these days that a new attitude toward motherhood is developing. I know a rich young Chicago society matron who has worked like a beaver on national preparedness organizations, on women's auxiliary defense groups, etc. In the midst of this turmoil she's now going to have a baby. A normal young woman, healthy and vigorously patriotic, she is delighted but impatient. In the maternity ward she whispers an extraordinary lullaby: "Hurry up and be born! Hurry up—hurry up and be born! Mama's got to get back to her job!" . . . If it's a boy, I feel sure he'll grow up to be a good soldier.

★ A patriotic revival of old American wallpaper was foreseen months ago by Nancy McClelland, clever decora-

tor. She and her staff have been busily preparing exact hand-printed copies of paper from fine old houses. One discovery—a surprise for many of us—is that white woodwork was by no means the rule in colonial homes. Six popular colors were: a beautiful soft gray blue, a deep sky blue, apple green, dark green, chocolate brown, and a pumpkin yellow. It seems this pumpkin color was a favorite with colonial ladies in wallpaper as well as paint. A lovely old paper found in the Crawford mansion, Monmouth County, New Jersey, has red-and-white medallions on a pumpkin ground—elegant for showing off antique furniture.

Favored colonial patterns, apart from floral papers, were those featuring stars, shields, grapevines, or sea shells.

★ Mystifications do not impress me generally, yet I'm a pushover for strange coincidence. I know a family of rather important Finns in which all the men for several generations have been born on the second day of April, nearly always at twenty min-

utes past the hour. They also die at twenty minutes past the hour. One of their menfolk—born at 6.20 A. M.—holds a semiofficial post in the United States now. He's a munition buyer. "When I was born," he says, "my father became so excited about the time element that he flung a lighted cigar into the lace curtains and set fire to our house."

★ Is there an index of our development, both physical and mental, to be read from the way our table tastes change between childhood and grown-up years? Scientists believe there may be. As a little girl I adored whipped cream and detested bacon. Now I adore bacon and dislike whipped cream. What does *that* mean? Nearly every one I know has undergone similar alterations of appetite. It would be interesting to learn what they indicate.

★ One taste that seldom changes is our lifelong fondness for good vegetable soup. Using canned bean soup as a base, this *Florentine Minestra* makes a nourishing Lenten meal when followed by a salad, then some fairly rich dessert such as fig pudding or an apricot pie: . . . Combine 2 cans bean soup with 1 small can tomato sauce and 2 cups water. Coarsely chop a 2-pound head of red cabbage, scald and drain. Chop 2 onions, 2 leeks, 2 stalks celery with leaves. Fry all vegetables together in 5 tablespoons salad oil. Add salt, pepper, pinch of marjoram, pinch of thyme. Mix vegetables into the soup. Simmer 1½ hours. Serve with croutons of fried bread well sprinkled with grated cheese.



READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 3 SECONDS



"It's all right, officer. I have a driver's license!"

Mr. Mattingly and Mr. Moore

WRITERS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE CRACK JUDGES OF WHISKEY, AREN'T THEY, MR. MOORE?

SURE ARE, MR. MATTINGLY. LET'S SEE IF HE'LL MAKE A WHISKEY COMPARISON FOR US.

IN ONE GLASS I'M GOING TO POUR A WHISKEY WHICH COSTS ABOUT \$1.50 A PINT.

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THIS ONE, DEFINITELY. IT'S GENTLER AND HAS A MORE PLEASING WHISKEY FLAVOR.

WRITERS ARE GOOD JUDGES, MR. MOORE. HE PICKED OUR M&M - WHICH WE KNOW TASTES BETTER EVEN THOUGH IT'S THE LESS EXPENSIVE BRAND.

COMPARED STRAIGHT - THE TOUGHEST TEST OF ALL - M&M TASTES BETTER THAN HIGHER PRICED BRANDS.

IT SURE DOES, MR. MATTINGLY. ALTHOUGH IT'S INEXPENSIVE, M&M IS REALLY ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES.

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★★★ 1/2 TOBACCO ROAD

THE PLAYERS: Charles Grapewin, Marjorie Rambeau, Gene Tierney, William Tracy, Elizabeth Patterson, Dana Andrews, Slim Summerville, Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Zeffie Tilbury, Russell Simpson, Spencer Charters, Irving Bacon, Harry Tyler, Charles Halton, George Chandler. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson, based on the stage play by Jack Kirkland and the novel by Erskine Caldwell. Directed by John Ford. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 90 minutes.

TOBACCO ROAD, the hookworm epic and eight-year wonder of the so-called legitimate theater, has been sterilized and filmed—and, in the process, intelligently, sensitively directed by John Ford, who so expertly did John Steinbeck's novel, *The Grapes of Wrath*, of *Dust Bowl*

SHARE

refugees seeking a promised land. Here Mr. Ford has taken Erskine Caldwell's cross section of hard-bitten share croppers of the wasted Georgia backlands and developed it into a moderately interesting study of ignorance, shiftlessness, and plain degeneracy, of humans reduced to the lowest level.

Tobacco Road as a stage play was marked by a smudgy salaciousness (to which, I fear, it owed its strange popularity), was studded with primitive profanity. The sly come-ons and the sexy horseplay of the footlight version are missing. It is now the simple story of old Jeeter Lester and his shack in the hills, from which have emerged eighteen children. Most of these have long since been swallowed up by the mills of near-by towns, if their fates have not been worse. Five are buried in the pasture close by. In the shack still are the man's plaintively faithful old wife, her wraith of a mother, and the last of the brood, a wild passionate young animal named Ellie May. Hovering over Jeeter is the tragedy of being dispossessed. For him and for his mate there seems nothing ahead but the poor farm. In fact, the film boils down to Jeeter's lazy efforts—when he happens to think of it—to get a hundred dollars so that he won't be evicted for another year.

The movie might have worked up a message of social importance, maybe a crusade against child marriage in the hills. Ford and the adapter, Nunnally Johnson, preferred to keep it a straightforward, detailed portrait, without moralizing, of a strange small phase of United States life. Charles Grapewin's Jeeter Lester is an excellent performance. This celluloid Jeeter is an amiable old reprobate, procrastinating, stealing when it occurs to him, utterly shift-

M Mattingly & M Moore

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less, but a tragic figure, too, in his dirt and squalor.

The direction is admirable, Grape-win's performance is arresting, but somehow Mr. Caldwell's poor whites leave your Beverly Hills a little cold.

VITAL STATISTICS: The studio shrouded the shooting of Tobacco Road in mystery. Sets were closed, guards surrounded the location in the Malibu hills where Jeeter's cabin stood. It was intended to send the company to Augusta, Georgia, but the project was called off. Studio feared local interference. Only background shots were made there, and at Clinton, Louisiana, for atmosphere. . . . As a play Tobacco Road established all sorts of stage records. Produced on December 4, 1933, with exactly \$6,000. Critical notices were frosty, things looked bad. But it caught on, ran briskly year after year. In seven years it grossed \$1,820,000 in New York, road companies earned \$2,480,000 more. . . . The high cost of squalor is something to be reckoned with—in Hollywood. Initial cost of the Lester shanty was \$2,250. Then came the expensive aging process. Boards had to be weathered with steam, sand blasting, and hard labor. Clothes, too, had to be put in \$500 "aging machine." Pushed cost of a pair of overalls to \$300. . . . Charles Grape-win, who does Jeeter, is sixty-five, hails from

Xenia, Ohio, began his career at ten by winning a roller-skating contest in Cleveland. After that he did a roller-skating act with the Forepaugh-Samuels Circus. At fourteen he was manager of a Cincinnati rink. Then he became an aerial trapeze performer with the Silvon Trio. Veered from flying trapeze to acting in 1890 with Frank Daniels in Little Puck. Once wrote a play, The Awakening of Mr. Pipp, in which he starred for twelve years. In 1919 he was an executive with General Motors, wealthy in 1923, lost everything in 1930, returned to acting. Now the films have earned him a ranch home and a private lake. Charlie loves fishing and he does it all the time between pictures. . . . Gene Tierney is a daughter of a New York stockbroker, attended an exclusive school at Farmington, Connecticut.

★ ★½ NICE GIRL?

THE PLAYERS: Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone, Walter Brennan, Robert Stack, Robert Benchley, Helen Broderick, Ann Gillis, Anne Gwynne, Elisabeth Risdon, Nana Bryant, George Billings, Tommy Kelly, Marcia Mae Jones. Based on a story by Phyllis Duganne. Directed by William A. Seiter. Produced by Universal. Running time, 95 minutes.

FATHERS trying to rear trios of daughters and quartets of boys get some of Hollywood's attention this week. Here you have the rather humorous tribulations of a Connecticut professor who is trying to do his best by three motherless girls, besides getting his treatise on diet pub-

him miss the last train, succeeds in staying in his apartment all night. It is all innocent, of course, but the little Connecticut town starts to talk.

Deanna Durbin, now pretty grown up, is the offspring striving for sophisticated adventure. She has become even more attractive, but somehow en route the captivating ingenuousness has been lost. But she still sings charmingly. Franchot Tone is the pursued scientist, Ann Gillis makes a cute kid sister—but best of all is Robert Benchley as the humorous understanding pater.

Mild study of girl-out-of-adolescence set to music.

VITAL STATISTICS: Phyllis Duganne called the original Nice Girl; Universal added the interrogation point. . . . Studio has been reluctant to involve Deanna in an adult love affair with a fade-out clinch. In making this, the officials were resigned to the final scenes showing impending matrimony—when the national emergency saved the day. The draft, of course. So the script was rewritten and young Robert Stack goes off to camp. The camp scenes were shot at Fort MacArthur. . . . Robert Stack is really interested in cars. Built a racer capable of doing just a shade over 115 miles an hour. . . . A regular visitor on the sets was Brod Crawford, Helen's son. Helen, who started on the stage as a chorine at fourteen, says she may quit when

PROPPERS

à la Hollywood



Lusty Tobacco Road is filmed at last—and emerges as a simple tale of tragic squalor

4 STARS: EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS: EXCELLENT
2 STARS: GOOD
1 STAR: POOR
0 STAR: VERY POOR

lished. The eldest girl, irked by the indifference of the boy she cares about, hurls herself at her father's guest, the representative of a New York scientific foundation interested in dad's research. Not only hurls herself but finally drives him to New York after she has managed to make

and if Brod attains stardom. . . . Bob Benchley is an actor in spite of himself. Went out to Hollywood to do six weeks as a writer, stayed on for over a year as an actor. Says he isn't resigned to acting yet.

★ ★½ ADAM HAD FOUR SONS

THE PLAYERS: Ingrid Bergman, Warner Baxter, Susan Hayward, Fay Wray, Richard Denning, Johnny Downs, Robert Shaw, Charles Lind, Billy Ray, Steven Miller, Wallace Chadwell, Bobby Walberg, Helen Westley, June Lockhart, Pietro Sosso, Gilbert Emery, Renie Riano, Clarence Muse. Screen play by William Hurlburt, based on Charles Bonner's novel, Legacy. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 108 minutes.

A MORE serious slant on a motherless household and what happens to a growing family of boys. Or maybe it's just that boys are tougher to raise than girls. Here Adam Stoddard loses his money, his home, and his loving wife just as the panic of '07 shakes America. In the household is a little French governess but, since there is no money, she has to go back across the seas. Then, when Adam re-establishes himself in the business world, he buys back the old house, restores it, and sends again for the governess. The boys grow up, the World War snaps up one of them, his bride comes to live with the Stoddards. This girl is a selfish, passionate little vixen who sets out to find romance at any cost, who tries to oust the little governess, generally imperils the whole household.

This family saga moves with a curious lack of dramatic emphasis. Warner Baxter is not a little wooden

Gene Tierney and Ward Bond in Tobacco Road.

U. S. SALESGIRLS FIND...



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more minutes of flavor**



as the father, Ingrid Bergman is far better as the little governess, Susan Hayward makes the intruder in the family circle a moderately vivid figure of sex and selfishness.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ingrid Bergman is only twenty-three; on the Swedish screen for five years. Speaks French and German fluently. Only

Liberty SHORT SHORTS ON THE AIR

TUNE IN TWICE A WEEK ON

WJR Detroit	WDBJ Roanoke
WOOD Grand Rapids	WJAX Jacksonville
WASH WASH	WDBO Orlando
WOWO Fort Wayne	WDAE Tampa
WFBM Indianapolis	WQAM Miami
WHAS Louisville	KMOX St. Louis
KOA Denver	KWOS Jefferson City
WCHS Charleston	KGBX Springfield
WPAR Parkersburg	WCCO Minneapolis
WBLK Clarksburg	WMBG Richmond
WTAR Norfolk	WGY Schenectady

Consult your local newspaper for exact time

American film up to this was *Intermezzo*. Her father was the late Justus Bergman, Stockholm portrait painter. Ingrid's ash-blond hair photographs darker than it is. . . . Cameraman Pev Marley says redheaded Susan Hayward has the only perfect legs he ever shot. Susan, by the way, was one of the girls who tested for the role of Scarlett O'Hara and didn't get it.

Short Review:

★ ★ **ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). How Andy almost doesn't graduate from Carvel High School. Far too long, with Mickey Rooney overacting a lot of the time as Andy. Best is Kathryn Grayson as a student newcomer, a little refugee. (101 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Meet John Doe, *Pépé Le Moko*, *Kitty Foyle*, *The Philadelphia Story*, *Escape*, *The Long Voyage Home*, *Arise, My Love*.

★★★½—Cheers for *Miss Bishop*, *So Ends Our Night*, *Mr. and Mrs. Smith*, *This Thing Called Love*, *Comrade X*, *Chad Hanna*, *Fantasia*, *The Letter*, *The Great Dictator*, *The Thief of Bagdad*, *North West Mounted Police*, *The Westerner*, *Strike Up the Band*, *Rhythm on the River*.

★★★—That *Uncertain Feeling*, *Back Street*, *The Lady Eve*, *Come Live with Me*, *Hudson's Bay*, *Santa Fe Trail*, *High Sierra*, *Go West*, *Second Chorus*, *Arizona*, *Tin Pan Alley*, *Blackout*, *The Mark of Zorro*, *Night Train*, *They Knew What They Wanted*, *World in Flames*, *Knute Rockne—All American*, *Third Finger, Left Hand*, *Angels over Broadway*, *Christmas in July*, *Spring Parade*, *City for Conquest*, *Brigham Young*, *The Howards of Virginia*, *Hired Wife*, *Lucky Partners*.



Damaris' Lovely Day

**BY EDITH
AUSTIN
HOLTON**

The tender, captivating
story of a love that was
lost and strangely found

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IT was Damaris who drove the car back to Cambridge from Wenboro that fall. Always before—that is, always since they had let Hickson go—it had been Agnes, for Agnes could never persuade herself Damaris was any more competent at driving than she was at other practical matters. With the Jennison girls, as they had been known ever since their inseparable childhood, Agnes was the one supposed to have a monopoly of common sense and initiative.

"I shall simply have to outlive Damaris," she had once confided to Dr. Singleton of the First Church. "She has never made a sensible decision for herself in her whole life."

"Miss Damaris has great sweet-

"This is my pride and joy." She held up a tiny statue.

ness of character," the doctor had returned with tactful evasiveness. After all, there was no point in offending an important parishioner.

Damaris took much this same position when Agnes decided the ankle she had strained early in August was not yet strong enough to stand five hours of steady driving, and that she, not Damaris, would have to return by train this year.

All she had ventured to say was, "But, Aggie, wouldn't it be more comfortable if you were to go with me in the car? Then you wouldn't be worried about my getting back safely, and you'd see I do drive carefully."

Agnes had said, "We have gone into that often enough before. You know very well why we never travel by the same conveyance. If there were an accident we might both be killed, and then what would happen to The Property?"

On one historic occasion Damaris had had the temerity to reply to this stock question, "I don't see that in that case it would matter much to either of us." This time she was wiser.

"If I could only feel sure of your judgment," Agnes sighed.

"Well," said Damaris dryly, "if my judgment isn't any good at sixty-three, it probably is never going to be of much account. This may be as good a way as any to prove it."

"Don't be flippant," rebuked Agnes. "You are simply tempting Providence."

THE day of the journey back turned out to be perfect. September frost had already set off the annual display of flame and gold among New England's hills, but along the valley roads the air was sensuously soft, and as morning passed into afternoon, summer heat began to play a return engagement. Damaris drew the car to the side of the highway and stopped. The car was an old model and high-built. It had been a costly and impressive machine in its day, and Agnes saw no reason for turning it in for one that had less distinction. "Worth and durability," she said, "and not fashion is what counts with cars."

Of course it hadn't looked so funny with Hickson driving it as it did with an elderly Jennison girl behind the wheel. But Hickson had been dismissed in the middle '30s, when retrenchment, although not by any means imperative, seemed timely and desirable.

Damaris had put up a mild defense for him. "But Hickson is quite an old man. It will be hard for him to get another job. Couldn't we save some other way? There are the City Club dues, and all those big subscriptions, and the opera and the symphony."

"We have to consider our position," said Agnes. "What would people think if we cut down our subscriptions and gave up our symphony seats?"

"What will they think if we fire our old servants?"

"Please be careful of your language," said Agnes. "Everybody is letting superfluous servants go. As usual, you have no sense of values."

So Hickson had gone. On relief, it later developed.

Damaris cranked down the windows on both sides and let the warm wind sweep across her. She took off her hat and laid it on the seat. It was, by no stretch of imagination, a becoming hat, and it lacked the saving grace of being a funny one. As in the case of the car, worth and durability had governed its purchase. Damaris contemplated it grimly. It was almost like having Agnes sitting beside her. Agnes looked well in austere built hats and stiffly tailored garments such as the Jennison girls invariably wore.

A LOCK of soft white hair, jail-delivered, detached itself from formal waves and swept across her face, clinging to the lenses of her bifocals. She pouted a lower lip and puffed her breath upward with the old schoolgirl trick she had nearly forgotten, smiling to see the lock still sprayed aigrette-like quite as nicely as it used to when it was ash blonde. A ghostly crease that had once been a dimple showed briefly at the corner of her mouth. They hadn't called tow hair platinum fifty years ago, and a girl who was unlucky enough to have it was considered to look rather washed out. Agnes had been the beauty of the Jennison family. Her color had been stunning and her eyes brilliant. She had carried herself with really queenly poise and confidence, too. No wonder everybody said she was handsome; no wonder—

The traffic was stepping up. Not that traffic bothered Damaris particularly. Hickson had taught her well and he had known her for an apt pupil, much better than Agnes, whose fixed belief in the superior highway rights of Property was not an unmixed blessing on the road. Agnes would have been shocked by this heresy. She would have been still more violently shocked had she known that from the first minute she had realized that five hours of unsupervised freedom were to be hers, Damaris had been playing with a daring plan of her own.

No account rendered at the end of the journey must include a hint of her intended detour, however, and so no more time must be lost. Damaris unfolded her map to make sure of her route once more, tracing it with a blue-veined, slightly desiccated finger, peering at it with elderly intentness. The excitement of an unwonted adventure more than the wind whipped color into the delicate crepy skin drawn thinly over her high cheekbones. Her still velvety brown eyes quickened with eagerness as the fingertip came to rest on a tiny spot.

North Banbury! There it actually was! She hadn't even heard it mentioned for—how long was it?—forty,

no, forty-one years. It didn't seem possible it could be so long since that summer Agnes and she had spent there. Not a whole summer, either, for Agnes had suddenly decided the place was too dull, and they had packed up and left, almost overnight. Damaris hadn't understood until some time afterward what the real reason for that flight had been, and it had been made because, naturally, it would have been very awkward indeed for Agnes to stay in a tiny village where she ran a daily risk of meeting the man she had refused to marry and who wasn't too easy to shake off.

She had been blind, not to say addleheaded, over much more than that. She hadn't had the sense to know that all along it had been Agnes, not herself, Adam Lindquist had fallen in love with. Of course Agnes always insisted he hadn't fallen in love, except, that is, with The Property. She had put that into very plain language the day she burned his letter—the letter he had, as Agnes put it, had the audacity to write after they had got back home again.

Damaris would never have known about the letter if she hadn't come suddenly upon Agnes when she was reading it. Agnes had been startled, which probably accounted for her losing control of her temper and storming, almost, it seemed, as much at Damaris as at Adam, though she had smoothed it over afterward and been especially nice to her. But at the moment she had been quite terrible, not at all the way a young lady was supposed to be in those days when a man had done her the honor of asking her in marriage. She had marched straight over to the fireplace and had thrust the letter down, envelope and all, behind the back log. Her voice had been bitter as she said, "The impertinence of Adam Lindquist, after I had told him no quite definitely." Then she had gone on and said terrible and cruel things about him, things Damaris didn't believe even to this day.

DAMARIS had kept still—she suspected afterward not so much from good sense as because she was paralyzed by the sudden revelation of her own folly. She had been too much stunned to feel pain. That was to come later. At the moment, with her dream castle crashing to dust over her head, she was lucky to have had the wit to be silent so that Agnes had never guessed the depth of her humiliation.

For a whole delirious month, as it proved, Damaris had been in love with a man who wanted to marry her sister. Romantic little fool that she had been, she had taken seriously and to herself attention she should have recognized merely as Adam's way of being nice to her on Agnes' account. In this generation any girl would have been wiser, would have known that even a kiss in the moonlight was nothing at all. She could see that,

herself, perfectly well now, but then there had been no seeing—only feeling.

There was a lot to be said for finding out one's mistake before some one else did, however. Even the terrible swift cutting out of one's heart at a single blow had its advantages, though telling oneself that didn't stop the bleeding for a long while. But forty-one years is a long while, and it hadn't needed all of them to stop the bleeding. Once the wound had healed, you weren't likely to get hurt a second time that way. Damaris never had. Going back to North Banbury at this late day wasn't even like biting on a sore tooth. There was no tooth left to bite on. Indeed, she was not sure why she had this insatiable urge to see the place again, nor could she explain why her elderly nerves had been all athrill from the minute she had made up her mind to do it.

Did she really want to see Adam Lindquist? How old would he be? Let's see, forty-one years ago she had been twenty-two. Agnes had been twenty-four and Adam quite a bit older. He must be past seventy now. He might even be dead, though that was hard to believe about strong young Adam Lindquist, who had stood unchanged in her memory all these years with summer moonlight filtering down through apple branches across his dark head.

Damaris folded up her map and thrust it into the old-fashioned pocket on the door. She engaged the

gears and the car lumbered heavily out onto the macadam. The unpromising hat bounced in protest as she swung off the main route and into the narrower road to North Banbury. She swooped on it, tossing it into the back seat, where it teetered perilously for a second before sliding off onto the floor upside down.

"That will be enough for you," said Damaris.

The village was not unfamiliar in spite of many changes. The old church still stood at the head of the green, and the white pillars that made the general store look more like a classic temple remained, although the march of progress had painted its door and window frames bright crimson. There, too, was the rambling rickety inn, its long narrow porch only a bit more sagged than she remembered it, with a few regular boarders keeping watch over Main Street from their rocking chairs.

Her first serious jolt came when she looked for the house where she and Agnes had lodged. It had been completely modernized, and the orchard which had stretched behind it was gone, all but a gnarled half-dead specimen beside the new garage. The room on the second floor, from the windows of which she and Agnes had looked out on layers of green boughs, now afforded a view of nothing more inspiring than a stretch of asbestos shingles. The spot on which she and Adam had stood when he

kissed her was now under a cement floor.

It's only what I should have expected, thought Damaris. Only a sentimental old maid would have imagined change could be held up by the memory of a kiss. Perhaps now I can forget the kiss.

Nevertheless something had gone out of the Indian summer sunshine. The wind seemed colder. There remained only one more shrine along her pilgrimage. If that, too, turned out to be empty, it would go to show that Agnes was right and that her ideas were as silly as her judgment was weak.

The Lindquist homestead, as she recalled, was less than a mile beyond the village. She would see what the years had done to it—and to Adam. Probably the glamour of young romance had faded from him and he would be no more in his hard dry age like the gallant figure she remembered than the cement floor was like the lush grass of the departed apple orchard. Face to face with this probability, she wondered more than ever why she had wanted to make this journey into a dead past. What purpose could it possibly serve, except to lay forever a persistent ghost, the faint perfume of whose garments she was going to miss through those encroaching years when memories would grow more and more important as reality receded?

In for a penny, in for a pound, decided Damaris, and drove on, dis-

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Ask for Kreml Shampoo, too. It has an 80% olive oil base and cleanses your scalp thoroughly, leaves your hair softer, more lustrous, more manageable.

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REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES
CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

gusted with her heart for the thick way it was drumming.

There was the house. She remembered it as low and gray, but not as so very weatherbeaten. It had, besides, a bald look that puzzled her. Change again. And now a sort of panic seized her. Why hadn't she realized change had come to her as well? Would Adam recognize in a shrunken white-haired old lady the pale prettiness of a girl he had not seen for over forty years? Perhaps it was as well he shouldn't. And if he didn't, she would make some excuse and go on without enlightening him.

She was in front of the house now. Being a bit nearsighted, she had not seen until she stopped that it was half filled with an assortment of spinning wheels, churns and noggins. Beside the door a neatly painted sign displayed a blue moon on a white ground and the single word, Antiques. As she stood hesitating by the gate a tall girl in a rose-colored smock came down the path to meet her. She was a pleasant-looking young thing, with a long bob of well-cared-for chestnut hair and a warm golden skin. Her smile somehow brought a little of the lost warmth back to the autumn sunlight.

MAY I help you?" asked the girl, putting a quite personal note into the conventional question. "Were you looking for something in particular?"

"Thank you," said Damaris, floundering a little in this unexpected quicksand. "I—no—that is—yes. I thought I might pick up some little thing. A gift for my sister."

"Does she like old glass and china? Perhaps you would like to look," suggested the avid young business woman. "We have some rather nice pieces. Won't you come in and let me show you?"

Damaris followed her, feeling a trifle dazed. Halfway up the steps she paused to look around her. The girl waited courteously.

"I used to know this house. That is, I think I did. I haven't seen it for so long, I am wondering if I can be mistaken. It isn't quite the same."

"You're probably missing the big elms," explained the girl. "They blew down in the hurricane."

"Of course it is the trees. I remember them now. Has the place changed hands? It used to belong to some one named Lindquist." Her throat felt dry. She had not spoken the name aloud for ages. "There was an Adam Lindquist."

"Why, yes, my grandfather," said the girl. "How lovely that you knew him. Do come in."

She led her guest into the small boxlike entrance hall and through a door at the right. The room seemed to Damaris a complete welter of all the inexplicable oddments only an antique dealer could ever feel optimistic over. The girl apparently sensed her confusion.

"Let's go through into the back room," she said; "it isn't so clut-

tered and our best pieces are there, too. You can sit down while I show them to you. Here, by the fireplace. Won't you let me get you a cup of tea?" she added anxiously, noticing the faint blue shadow around the old woman's mouth and the trembling of her hands. "It won't be a bit of trouble. Have you driven far?"

"I—not too far," stammered Damaris; "but I still have quite a way to go, and I'm afraid I forgot lunch. A cup of tea would be very nice, thank you, my dear."

The room was very pleasant with



"Let me have that road map! I'm going home to mother's trailer."

its low fire flickering on the worn hearth. Damaris sank gratefully into the ladder-backed rocker beside it. Adam. This was his grandchild. Well, one couldn't have expected him to devote his life to a memory of Agnes. If Agnes hadn't despised his love, this girl with the shining hair might have been her granddaughter—Damaris' grandniece.

"I'll just pass the high sign to my partner to fix the tea and be with you again," said the girl. "I want to hear how you happened to know grandfather. I love meeting his friends. It's like having him come back a little."

"Then your grandfather is—not living?"

"He died a little over a year ago."

Subconsciously she had been waiting to hear this, deny it to herself as she might, so it was not a shock. Indeed, the simple statement had brought with it a sort of peace, the stoical ending of a forlorn hope. Now, at last, she had reached the end of the story and could close the book without temptation to open it again. Her body began to relax, and she thought of the hot tea with pleasant anticipation. Only the misted shine of the girl's eyes and the faint quiver of her red lips as she came back to set a small table at Damaris' elbow, reminded her that to youth death is more poignant than to age.

"You were very fond of him?" she asked. "But I can see you were."

"Oh, yes. We were very close together. You see, I was his only granddaughter, and I'm afraid he

spoiled me. I used to spend a lot of time with him. He left me the house. Everybody thought I was foolish not to sell it, but somehow I couldn't. I had such wonderful times with him here. But your tea will be ready. I'll go see."

She was back in a moment with a laden tray. "There!" she said. "Now you must make up for that lunch you forgot. I hope the tea is the way you like it."

"It is delicious," replied Damaris, taking the steaming cup gratefully and sipping slowly.

"Have a piece of the cake," urged her hostess. "Peg made it this morning, so it's fresh. Peg is my partner. It was her idea to use the house for a shop. It gave me just the excuse for staying here I wanted, and it has worked out fine. Some day, when we have made some real money, we are going to restore the place. I have all grandfather's things. I couldn't bear to sell them. Do I sound terribly sentimental to you?"

Damaris smiled. "I think it is a lovely idea. You forget I belong to a sentimental generation. I didn't know young people felt like that any more."

"We aren't as bad as we're painted, or else I'm a throwback," laughed the girl. "May I fill your cup? Fine. Now I will be hard-boiled and try to make a sale while you have another piece of cake—please. I know exactly what you will like—these ducky little china figurines. I'll set them out on the tray. There, isn't that shepherdess a darling? This is my pride and joy, though."

She held up a tiny statue. "See, you look at him this side and he's just too awfully smug and self-righteous, but turn him around and he's just a leering old sinner."

"He's interesting but very ugly," said Damaris, fingering him daintily. "The shepherdess is prettier. I think—"

DAMARIS," called a voice from the door. "Damaris, the telephone."

The girl called over her shoulder, "Take the number and I'll call them back. I'm busy. . . . Yes, of course it is prettier, but—Oh, is anything the matter? Do you feel ill?"

Damaris had laid down the little shepherdess, and her face was white. "No," she said, "I am quite well. What was it she called you?"

"Damaris," said the girl. "It's my name. Quaint, isn't it? Grandfather gave it to me, and I like to remember the way he always said it, almost like a caress. Must you really go?"

"I'm afraid I must," said Damaris; "but perhaps I shall come again."

"I do hope so. Let me wrap your figurine. Why, you're taking old double-face, after all. Well, good-by, and a good journey. It is a lovely day for you, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Damaris, stepping out again into the autumn sunlight, "a very lovely day indeed."

THE END



THE PATRIOTS SPEAK—HAS THE TIDE OF PACIFISM TURNED AT LAST?

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

BY
RUPERT HUGHES

**News!—Here are some
heartening signs of the
times for the U. S. A.**

WORLD WAR II broke out in September, 1939. Seven months later, in April, 1940, our nation lacked not only the needful defenses but the very spirit of fight, except among ourselves. In the midst of a world at war our antiwar factions were the only ones organized and vocal. The mere suggestion of universal service, or conscription, was reviled as the death of democracy.

But subtly, then suddenly, there came one of those strange shifts of tide from ebb to flow. In my own case I have noticed the startling change. Articles I had written and speeches I had made pleading for preparedness and conscription had evoked high approval in many quarters, but had also brought down on my head not only letters of ferocious abuse but violent resolutions by organizations committed to unreadiness at any price. But the tide had begun to turn, and when Liberty published my latest article, actually advocating the training of women as soldiers and calling on them to share the responsibilities, since they shared the privileges of citizenship, there were hardly any letters of loathing. Indeed, there came a stream of appeals from women old and young, begging for information as to where they could enlist for service—letters like the one

in which a mother in Texas wrote: "Speaking for myself, I am ready for any assignment my government sees fit to give me. I can cook, sew, wash, drive a car, shoot a gun, drive a horse, or ride a horse. It is my belief that many thousands of women in my age bracket (near fifty) are willing to do the same. We have had so much that is glorious, we are not going to run, we are going to stand up and take it on the chin."

She quoted a letter she had written to her own son, a National Guard lieutenant who had just been called into service—a magnificent letter, in the ideal spirit of a woman who triumphs in the dual duty of being both a mother and a patriot.

For a time it had looked as if such mothers and such sons hardly existed. And that meant doom for us and the world. Yet all the while the ardent patriots were aglow and innumerable; they were simply waiting in silence for the crisis. When the draft bill finally passed, the volunteers be-

gan to pour in so fast that it looked as if the first draft might not have to be made. Some of those patriots were perhaps volunteering because they thought they would be drafted anyway. But that point of view has its merits. The flames of patriotism were rekindled and the uniform became fashionable once more. Many of the new soldiers will have to drill for some time yet with wooden guns; but we are on our way. Our young men are taking the hardships with high spirit and they are not being hooted at.

In the Gay Nineties one of the favorite subjects for schooltime essays was Night Brings Out the Stars. The stars are there, of course, and in multitudes, all day long; but the sun is so dazzling that their light is swallowed up in his. He obscures even the light of suns far greater than he. So it has been with the patriotism of our country. Pacifists of all sorts blinded us with their propaganda. But back of these thousands stood millions on millions of citizens whose love of their country was supreme, though too deep for words, too solemn for blatancy.

Our country has never suffered such a prostration of terror as it did in those few weeks of May and June, 1940, when Hitler, who had crushed all freedom in Germany, broke through Europe, toppling over most of the continental nations. It seemed to us that the British Empire was given up to ruin. But England held, and we began to look to our self-preservation. Being a democracy and a debating society, we indulged in

more controversy than performance.

We learned with dismay what the foreign nations had long known: that we were impotent except for a navy, and that incapable of defending both coasts, while relying on a Panama Canal that one air bomb or one scuttled ship could put out of business for weeks.

Conscription was plainly necessary; yet it took months of wrangling to put it over. When at last it was done, the pacifists raged with a smaller voice. Both Presidential candidates called for complete defense at any cost, and for all possible help to Britain. They added "short of war," but we had long been short of peace. Almost everybody applauded every step taken in aid of England. The draft was received with hurrahs. We were on the march.

All the organizations made haste to proclaim their warlike spirit. In one of my articles I accused the Moral Rearmament Association of propagating pacifism by way of boosting international love and substituting universal brotherhood for preparedness. I felt that the charge was justified. But many have protested against it as untrue, and it seems certain that, whether or not I misjudged its influence in the past, the Oxford Movement is now strongly on the side of national defense.

Everywhere now the banners wave; the patriotic songs are thunderous. But the victory over the zealots of pacifism is not complete. It never has been, never will be. Sabotage of patriotism never ceases.

Conscription is still meeting with resistance and subterfuge. Some people are still raging at it as a "totalitarian" measure, a betrayal of democracy, of "the American and democratic way."

DEMOCRACY has never meant that every citizen is free to do whatever he wishes to do and need never obey anybody at all. Hardly anybody denies the right of the courts, the legislative bodies, and the police to rule and compel obedience. Why should military rule become suddenly an antonym for democracy?

The obligation of universal service is not a newfangled idea, as so many allege. The conscription act of 1940 merely revives the old militia law of 1792, with the difference that the government promises to provide arms, ammunition, and uniform—and to pay a wage that is a fortune compared with the old army pay.

And the word democracy is being enormously employed against its very self. It has been constantly invoked by the Communists, of all people!

The national tolerance for their airing of their rabid doctrines had been pretty well exhausted. Most of our people had come to realize the idiocy of stretching freedom of speech to the extreme of sheltering unlimited propaganda for a creed that denied freedom of speech wherever that creed prevailed. And the

Dies Committee's exposure of prominent Communists had caused a tremendous scurry for cover. Men and women who had strutted their stuff for years as Red intelligentsia hastily denied that they had been even "fellow travelers." Today we are gradually awakening to the folly of showing mercy to the merciless. Yet the Communists are still a host to be reckoned with.

As late as November 12 I ran head-on into the open Communism still alive and alert in many of our young people. I was invited to speak at a big university on Preserving Democracy in a War-Torn World. There were three speakers. The first was a professor, an ardent pacifist who pleaded for acceptance of the Sermon on the Mount as the one hope of eternal peace, and nonresistance as the only proper conduct for the truly good. The next speaker was a scenario writer of whose Red sympathies I had heard vague rumors. But I assumed that now he would forget, or at least veil, any pinkishness he might ever have felt. To my amazement, he leaped into a fervid speech of purest Communism.

HE denounced Nazism but laid the blame even for that on the British, whom he accused of every crime in the calendar. It was the British who had made Hitler possible and led France to her ruin. With ferocity he assailed our folly in lending aid to Britain. He said it was helping to crush India. He reviled American militarism, as shown in the conscription act, and he called upon all good democrats to refuse to surrender their democracy to the warmongers.

His denunciation of conscription and his high approval of the Soviets were not in the least dampened by the fact that Russia has by far the biggest army in the world, has practiced conscription for years, and has only recently called to service young men of nineteen and twenty. He still upheld Russia as our model.

As I learned afterward, this university had suffered for years from Red agitation among the students. The Communistic elements had organized well enough to seize control of the student bodies and the newspaper. They had driven the R. O. T. C. almost out of existence. The most patriotic elements among the students had been ignoring them, and only of late fighting them back and regaining control. The very meeting I addressed was held in response to Red demand, though the faculty, reluctant to deny freedom of speech, had insisted that other points of view must be heard as well.

I had prepared a simple appeal to patriotism and preparedness. It was knocked out of my head by the frenzied sweep of such a speech as I could hardly have expected this side of Moscow. I was angered as well as confused by the insolence of it and by the fiery appeal that we should withdraw all aid to Britain and be no longer duped by "Chamberlain-

ism and Churchillism, any more than by Hitlerism, Mussolinism, capitalism, American militarism." The uproarious and prolonged applause that followed was still more startling.

In my fury, the best I could do was to say that the speaker had mentioned every ism but Stalinism, which I assailed and denounced as a tyranny of unspeakable cruelty. I said that if it were not for Great Britain's magnificent resistance, those young men and women before me might today be dead or mangled in the shambles of their university buildings. As for Stalinism, I noted that, at that very moment, Molotov was in Berlin concocting further measures with Stalin's partner Hitler for the destruction of liberty and perhaps our own eventual ruin. I called on the young women as well as the young men to prepare themselves to save their democracy by surrendering enough of their liberty to redeem it all.

Being hard of hearing has its advantages as well as its curses, and I was comforted by the applause kindly vouchsafed to my stumbling efforts when I finished. But I was soon to learn that my attacks on Communism had been greeted by constant boos, hisses, and loud protests.

Other students apologized for the Communists and insisted that they were greatly in the minority. Yet not long before they had booed and hissed the president of their own university, and on another occasion had interrupted a tribute to the American flag by rising en masse, hooting and marching out in disdain.

This instance is cited only to show that, while the patriots have awakened, eternal vigilance is still, as always, the price of liberty.

OUR tasks are infinitely complex and difficult. Conscription found us in the dreadful plight of having to equip ourselves from the ground up. Unpreparedness is our normal condition. Selfishness is the natural state of man. The new thing, or at least the glorious spirit of old that returns like spring leaping from icy winter, is that patriotic fires are once more ablaze. The eagerness of youth for service is alive again. We are the United States again. We are falling in love with our country once more and are not ashamed to say so. We'd rather not shed any blood about it, but we'd rather die than let our country die.

A long while ago I wrote a chain of sonnets for a Decoration Day. In it were lines I'd like to quote, since they seem timely once more:

Thank God the olden sinew still is bred;
The milk of American mothers still
is sweet;
The sword of '76 is sharp and bright;
The Flag still floats unblotted with
defeat.

There can be no better cause to fight for than this country. In saving ourselves we are redeeming the world.

THE END

The Theater, the Movies, and Love

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SOME many years ago after the second act of a play by Owen Johnson about a girl who emerged unsullied and spotless from the amorous temptations of the New York gay life—it was called *The Salamander*—I asked the late Paul Armstrong,

If you fail to close your eyes when kissed he will disesteem you as a wanton.



A pundit of stageland looks askance at what's happened to sex on the screen

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

himself a playwright, what he thought about it. "That," he ironically replied, "is what she wrote home to her mother."

It seems to me that at least three fourths of today's motion pictures involving the love life of young women remain similarly little more than missives to mama. And in this, now that so much dramatic water has passed under the bridge since the distant era of Johnson's play and plays like it, we have, I think, one of the chief differentiating characteristics of the films and the theater.

It was not always that way. In the days before the Messrs. Hays and Breen took over the morals of the movies, the screen frequently treated its male and female characters to a considerable sexual realism. But with the advent of the Hays-Breen censorship there came about a gradually cumulative change that, with negligible exception, has

contrived to picture most film characters in their amorous reactions to each other as practically indistinguishable from little children dressed up in their parents' clothes and "playing house."

So great is the burden of innocence, restraint, and respectability that the movies have been made to bear that today even the hitherto humorous hokum of slapping a lady on the bustle is out. And even the delicately insinuating asterisks implicit in fade-outs, so long a favorite device of saying something by emphatically saying nothing, are often frowned upon. Apparently it will not be long, if things keep up in this manner, before the only intimate screen relationships privileged to men and women will be a tender glance, arbitrarily leveled no lower than the chin, a hand held for a moment on that old familiar marble seat in the moonlight, a strictly cur-

tailed kiss, and—above all—matrimony in the very first reel.

The relative intelligence of such entertainment mediums as the cinema and the theater is thus no better to be appreciated than in a contemplation of the way in which they approach, among other things, this subject of men and women in love. The theater, often even at its trashiest, is forthright and honest in its approach; the screen, often even at its best, is evasive and dishonest. Among the rubbishy plays produced in the theater this season have been such as *Suzanna* and the *Elders*, *Beverly Hills*, and *Glamour Preferred*. Yet, though all were rank failures, they treated of sex more frankly and more truthfully than any three of the best pictures that were exhibited in the same space of time.

Censorship aside, the American movie mind in the aggregate seems inclined to view sex mainly in single-

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track perspective. The subtle ramifications that the theater allows to it, even the perfectly artless ramifications, are seldom vouchsafed to it on the screen, and then only when some wily foreign director like Lubitsch is allowed a peculiarly free rein. Take a single illustrative example. The drama well understands that a woman will confide in a man if she deeply loves him or, on the other hand, has absolutely no personal interest in him. The movies stoutly believe and practice the belief that a woman will confide in a man only if she deeply loves him, but never if she thinks that her love is not reciprocated, and under no conceivable circumstances unless she has a personal interest in him.

Love, that despair of benedicks and delight of bachelors, suffers some strange diagnoses in the name of film entertainment. When the screen does not borrow a play directly from the theater and fashions its own material independently, it generally seems to recognize only three treatments of the topic: 1. A man and woman meet, fall in love, quarrel, fight and separate, come together again, love, and marry; 2. A man and woman meet, quarrel, fight and separate, fall in love with each other while separated, come together again, and marry; or 3. A man and woman meet, fall in love, quarrel, fight and separate, and eventually marry some one else.

I DON'T say that such situations may not be common and true enough. What I do say is that they are obviously far from being the only situations and that, even so, there is a lot more to them than the bare movie outlines intimate.

In the theater's catalogue of more understanding plays we have men marrying women out of hate rather than love, women choosing men they love less passionately than other men, men tortured to insanity by the women closest to them, women transgressing for the sheer amusement of transgression, and men losing the love of their wives not because they are failures in the world but because they are successes. We have old men and young girls finding permanent happiness in marriage, young boys and young girls finding only misery in it and divorce, women murdering the men they most ardently love, men drawn into happy marriages by rank female schemers, holy men choosing sex above the church, and adolescents driven to suicide by sex. And we have, further, the naked emotions and naked reactions of all the rare gallery of characters of dramatists like Ibsen, Strindberg, Wedekind, Brieux, Tolstoy, Hauptmann, d'Annunzio, Bergström, Björnson, Chekhov, Gorki, Echegaray, and Hervieu. I ask a question: Could or would—censorship again wholly aside—the Hollywood mind conceive of such things, uncorrupted, on the screen?

It is all well and good to say that the screen must consider its great heterogeneous audience. But that is

not the point. For even when it goes liberal and arty and makes a gesture of catering to a more restricted audience, it almost equally betrays its intellectual and emotional hesitations, doubts, shortcomings, and lack of philosophical experience. Not one single such Hollywood-made picture in the last half dozen years has been half so honest in its depiction of the relations of men and women as, say, even some such otherwise woefully inferior stage play as *Kindred*, *Christmas Eve*, or *The Happiest Days*. And not one single such picture in the last twelve has seemed other than juvenile to any theatergoer who in the same period has absorbed the story of men and women as presented to him in even third-rate stage plays like, for example, *The Laughing Lady*, *The Puritan*, or *Granite*. Or, to put it more bluntly, in even such tenth-rate ones as *De Luxe*, *Mulatto*, *On Stage*, or *White Man*.

Furthermore, when it comes to the screen's arguing in terms of its great heterogeneous audience that has to be taken into consideration, the answer, at least critically, is liverwurst. The honest sex play, *Tobacco Road*, has run for more than seven solid years in New York to paying audiences—an all-time record in our theater; and it has been played by various companies, also to paying business, all over America. But nevertheless look what Hollywood has done to it!

The movies are best when they throw aside all posturing and devote themselves very simply to purely sentimental, as opposed to sexual, love. And the drama is most often worst when it does the same thing. D. W. Griffith's enormous success was due largely to the fact that his heroes and heroines firmly believed, and practiced the belief, that babies are brought by the stork. The lowbrow who believed otherwise was always the Griffith villain.

THE movie public, perhaps not so entirely dumb as the Hollywood executives privately like to make it out to be, has by its patronage long hinted its conviction that sex as Hollywood treats it is silly and has accordingly fallen back for its greater film satisfaction upon the purely sentimental approach. The sex actresses, Garbo aside, thus come and go, whereas the sentimental ones enjoy an extended life. The Mary Pickfords and Lillian Gishes and Marguerite Clarks outran in popularity the Theda Baras and Betty Blythes and Pola Negris. After them, the Janet Gaynors and Norma Shearers outdistanced all the hot babes but the exceptional Harlow, even the Myrna Loy's having to come clean in order to safeguard their public and their jobs. And today, with the Mae Wests in the discard and the Ann Sheridans going up and quickly down like sky-rockets, it's the Deanna Durbins who are the big box-office cards. In the theater it is largely otherwise. Only Hepburn bridges both publics.

One often wonders, with the movies as they are, what a little girl brought up on them as a diversion diet may conceivably grow up to believe. I dare a general guess:

1. That as the future father of one's child one should under no circumstances select a man who dresses well and speaks impeccable English, as these are infallible signs that something is wrong with his character.

2. That one of the surest ways to capture a mate is to bide your time until one shows up with a wounded forehead and then bandage it for him, in gratitude and affectionate return for which he will soon thereafter propose matrimony.

3. That if a woman in an evening gown sits on a chaise longue she should keep her eyes fixed resolutely on the lamp beside it, since if the lamp goes out she will presently become the mother of a child.

4. That any bachelor apartment which rents for more than fifty dollars a month is a hellhole of iniquity.

5. That a drink in a night club is inevitably the first symptom of spiritual and moral decay.

6. That marriage is the one permanent solution of all one's difficulties.

7. That to be kissed by a man who has had so much as one Martini cocktail is as horrific and loathsome an experience as being bitten by a rattlesnake.

8. That one should beware the man with exceptionally good manners, as he is in all probability a dirty hypocrite.

9. That it is all right for a girl to accept a lift in an automobile that costs under six hundred dollars, but that Rolls-Royces, Hispanos, or any other expensive make spell her doom.

10. That if you fail to close your eyes ecstatically when a man kisses you he will naturally and correctly assume that you are an old hand at the business, and disesteem you as a wanton.

11. That any woman with a bathroom a bit on the fancy side is no lady.

12. That any woman who calls on your mama and who is very expensively dressed probably has a past. If she has a pet poodle with her, you can bet your bottom nickel on it.

13. That no decent man ever suggests that a lady have supper with him. Luncheon or dinner, yes, but not supper.

14. That a beautiful bedspread intimates that the lady who sleeps under it isn't one.

15. That a Frenchman of title, if not given to comedy, is likely to be a dissolute rapsallion, but that an Englishman of title is nearly always to be trusted implicitly, he is so clean and upstanding.

And

16. That a man never falls passionately in love with a girl unless she has bosoms the size of watermelons.

THE END



"What's a Road For?"

FOR a chicken a road is simply an obstacle to be crossed, but for a man a road is a means for overcoming obstacles—the obstacles of time and distance that tie him to one spot, restrict his horizon, limit his opportunities.

The roads that crisscross America from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf, didn't just happen. It's no accident that the United States has the greatest highway system in the world and more vehicles running on those highways than has any other nation.

The roads are there because Americans are an adventurous people, with a longing for distant horizons in their hearts and a love for far places in their blood.

The roads are there because America is a great continent, whose people and produce and goods may lie as far distant from one another as one-eighth the distance around the earth.

The roads are there because no American is content to *be* less, to *do* less, to *have* less, for himself or for his family, than any other man.

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AFTER trying their luck in the flying game one way and another, Gene Tobin and Andy Mamedoff get a chance to go to Helsinki and fight for Finland, only to hear that the war there is finished. Their appetites whetted for adventure, they manage to connect with an agent who gives them their fare to Montreal—the French Armée de l’Air the objective. Arriving at the Canadian city, they meet Vernon Keough (“Shorty”), bound for the same goal.

Money is advanced to the three of them for expenses to Halifax, where they are to sail for France. Keough and Mamedoff are berthed on an old tub loaded with mules, while Tobin draws a far more respectable ship, the Pierre L. D. On the way across the Atlantic they run the gantlet of submarines, but arrive unscathed, Tobin at St. Nazaire and his two buddies at Bordeaux.

It is the terrible month of June, 1940, and the German army is advancing upon France in a wave of horror and destruction. Andy, Gene, and Shorty join forces in Paris, but all they hear from officialdom is, “Any day now you are going to fly,” and finally they land in Tours, with the Junkers bombing everything in sight. A couple of Czech pilots persuade the three boys to cooperate with them in seizing French planes in which to make a getaway to England. The time is set for the following morning.

PART TWO—INTRODUCTION TO BATTLE: I GET LOST!

IT was almost midnight when we stretched out on the grass at one side of the airport for a few hours’ sleep. Across the wide expanse of the field we could see the dark outline of French bombers silhouetted against the summer sky. With any luck, two of those twin-engined Potez 63s would fly us to England.

A few hours later one of the Czech pilots shook me. Daylight would break soon, he said, so it was now or never. Crouching low, we followed him along the edge of the field until we reached a spot opposite the planes. It was about 300 yards out to the nearest machines.

“My friend and I will run out and get into the planes first. Give us about three minutes to get them primed up and ready. Then, when we start the motors, you run out, pull the chocks from under the wheels, and jump in,” he whispered.

We nodded, and then they sprinted out toward the planes. But they hadn’t gone more than a hundred yards when suddenly there was the sharp bark of a rifle, then another. One of the Czechs stumbled and fell. The other turned and ran back. As he knelt down, waving frantically at us to run, there was another shot and he slumped over the body of his friend. Then three soldiers crawled out from under the planes and advanced toward them with their rifles ready for action.

There was nothing we could do for the Czechs. So we made one dive for



With the aid of a map and the farmer's daughter, I figured out I was only 300 miles off my course.

An American tells his story . . . An authentic, stirring chronicle of fighting in England's sky

the woods behind us and just got under cover when there were a couple more shots and we heard bullets whistle past. We’d been spotted.

I don’t think I’ve ever run so far or so fast, but we did manage to shake them. We rested a while, then sauntered over to the commandant’s office, trying to look nonchalant. There was plenty going on, they told us there. Fifty German soldiers dressed in Czech uniforms had tried to ambush the airport guard and set the planes on fire. The guards had driven them off after killing two officers. Also, German armored cars had been reported within a few miles of Tours. The station was being evacuated at once. As for us, we’d just have to get down to the south as best we could.

Well, that was that. We started

walking in the general direction of Bayonne. Finally, on a bus jammed with soldiers, we got a lift for about thirty miles. Then they dropped us in a little town called Signières. No one seemed to know anything. Refugees streamed through by the thousands. We slept on damp hay at some chateau a few miles from town and went without our tenth meal in a row.

Seventeen miles on foot the next day and we were plenty tired. An army truck that had once mounted an anti-aircraft gun gave us a lift for the last two miles into Arcay. The soldiers on the truck were all from the south of France and when the German break-through had come up in Flanders they decided they’d had enough of the war, dumped their gun along the road, and just headed for home.

Over London



Left to right: Andrew Mamedoff, Vernon Keough, and Eugene Tobin

BY PILOT OFFICER GENE TOBIN, EAGLE SQUADRON, R. A. F., as told to Robert Low

In Arcay there were even more rumors than usual, the most important being that an armistice had been signed.

And the Germans were on our tails again. A French armored car came racing down the main street doing a Paul Revere. An excited little guy

stood in the turret shouting, "*Le Boche, le Boche!*" and pointing back up the road. Later on we found that the Germans were on their way all right.

But they weren't as close as all that. This guy was just another fifth columnist sent ahead to spread panic

and make the advance even easier.

We swung aboard the next freight train out of town. There were thirty soldiers and four bicycles in the car we hopped, and they were lying in two inches of dynamite dust on the floor. You couldn't move without stepping on some one, but I managed to find a spot where I could lie down if I bent my legs back under me like a yogi.

Two days and two nights in that hell on wheels—then Bordeaux. All kinds of rumors again. The navy was in revolt. Officers were to be issued rifles to fire on the soldiers if they revolted. The government was going to move to North Africa. It wasn't.

There was no hope of finding what was left of the Air Ministry. It had just disappeared and with it our last chance of getting any money. So we jumped on a military truck and rode down the coast to St. Jean de Luz, right next to the Spanish frontier.

On the way we passed a military airport. The field was packed with brand-new American planes, fighters and bombers. They had never been flown. But it was too late now—the armistice had been signed.

The dock at St. Jean was packed with refugees, all clamoring to get on the few ships left in the harbor. They had come any way they could—cars, motorcycles, carts, anything. And they didn't bother to park whatever they came in. Just flung them in the water or smashed the engines so the Germans shouldn't get them.

There was a strong wind blowing and it was cold. By the time we'd pushed our way past the guards, the tender was leaving. We threw our stuff on and jumped for it. The wind almost blew Shorty back onto the dock.

I looked at my watch as we sailed. It was 1.15 P. M. The Germans marched into St. Jean at three o'clock that afternoon. Our ship, the *Baron Nairn*, was the very last to leave France and that was something to be grateful for. But that was about all. There were 3,000 men, women, and children aboard and only four lifeboats with a total capacity of ninety. Many of the women were hysterical.

As we plowed out into the Bay of Biscay, the sky cleared and the guns were made ready for action. Our course was to the southwest and for a while it looked as though we were going to Africa instead of England. But later we swung round to the north and it was plenty rough and cold. Nearly every one was seasick.

The second day out we had our first meal, consisting of a dog biscuit and a cup of some sort of dishwater. It was hot and it might have been anything. We drank it out of a cold-cream container borrowed from a woman passenger. I couldn't swallow the biscuit, and as an experiment I offered it to the only dog on board. He turned it down.

Two more days—then Plymouth, England. And what a difference in morale! The army and navy were

disciplined and the civilians calm and businesslike. Every one was talking of invasion, but there were none of the signs of fear or panic we had learned to spot in France.

The way we figured it, the R. A. F. ought to be willing to take us. It looked as though they were going to need every pilot they could get before long.

But in London we were politely informed by the Air Ministry:

"We cannot possibly use you now, as you have had no combat training. We would suggest you go back and apply in Canada."

We came out feeling pretty bad. All this way for what?

"Well, I guess it's the R. A. F.'s loss," Shorty piped up. "If they don't want to win the war—O. K., we'll go home."

There was only one ace left in the deck. On the boat coming over we'd met an English lady who told us to look up a certain member of Parliament if we ran into any difficulties. She was sure he would help, and she was right. He sent us along to see another official at the Air Ministry, and in two hours we passed our physical examinations and were assigned to an advanced training unit. We were to buy our uniforms and leave for training as soon as possible. Well, we'd made it! We were in at last!

I'll never forget the day we wore our uniforms for the first time. Coming out of the tailor's, we walked straight into an R. A. F. squadron leader. We saluted, but I guess it looked more like a "Hiya, pal," than a good snappy military salute. The squadron leader stopped and looked at us suspiciously, particularly at Shorty, then demanded our papers. He wouldn't believe Shorty was really in the Air Force.

"What is he? A mascot?" the officer asked.

And Shorty, who didn't take anything from anybody despite his size, snarled, "Mascot, hell! I'm a pilot, see, mug—I mean, sir."

That did the trick. The squadron leader laughed and invited us to his club for drinks.

AT the advanced training unit we discovered that a hot-shot reputation had preceded us there. We were supposed to be top-notch flyers!

We each climbed into a Miles Master advanced trainer for a dual check flight with the R. A. F. instructors. And, boy, did it feel good to be sitting in an airplane again! Although the Master was three times the size of anything I'd ever flown, she was easy to handle.

"This kite is the closest thing there is to a Spitfire. If you can handle her, you're O. K. for anything," the instructor told me.

After twenty minutes of turns, climbs, and mild acrobatics, I brought her in. So far so good. The instructor seemed satisfied, so he took me over and showed me a Spitfire. Two and a half tons of flying heat

with a 1,075 horsepower Rolls-Royce Merlin engine. What a plane!

I got into the cockpit and he showed me how all the controls worked. Then he said casually, "Go ahead. Take it around. You won't have any trouble."

"Oh, no," I said.

Well, this was it. Things were sure moving fast now. I warmed her up, said a short snappy prayer, and gave her the gun.

Going over the edge of the field the air-speed indicator was crawling up past 150 miles an hour. By the time I got the landing gear retracted and the hatch closed, the clock showed 170, and I said to myself: Tobin, this thing is all airplane.

For the first time in my life, I had a real taste of speed. I was booming along at a cool 240, the slowest cruising speed of a Spitfire, and I opened the throttle wide to make a steep climbing turn. The next thing I knew I was diving at a speed of about 430. Luckily I came to with a couple of thousand feet to spare.

LANDING the Spitfire was a lot easier than I ever thought it would be. In fact, it wasn't much tougher than an ordinary light sports plane, if you watched your step.

Next day I was sent on a hundred-mile cross-country flight. I'd only flown an hour and a half in England, so I did the natural thing and got lost. I landed at a little airport to get directions, and they told me to fly via a certain town but to watch out for the balloon barrage.

The ceiling started closing down fast when I'd been back in the air about five minutes. Visibility almost nil. Then pretty soon something whizzed past one of the wing tips, and I wondered. Then something else shot past the other wing tip, and I knew. I was in the middle of the balloon barrage.

The altimeter showed 900 feet. It was too late to try and climb over it now. All I could do was sit there and wait. It was raining and the forward windscreen was leaking; my tunic was wet and I was worried. But two minutes went by and nothing happened. I knew I must be right through it by now. That was something.

Another hour in, under, and over the clouds, and I checked the fuel gauge and found there were only fifteen gallons of fire water left. Not much for a thirsty 1,000-horsepower motor. I came down through the clouds to a couple of hundred feet and discovered I was over water. But what piece of water I didn't know. To me it was just wet and I didn't like the look of it.

I banked around in the direction I figured land should be and in a few minutes was over the coast again. But which coast? For all I knew I might have crossed the Channel and was over France.

Then I spotted a highway and everything was all right. I knew I must be over England because the

cars were driving on the wrong side of the road.

By now the tanks were almost dry and the gas gauge kept leering at me, saying, "Ha-ha, you're going to crash." The situation was getting acute when I spotted a little field that looked like it would have to do.

Three times I tried to fit into that field. But on each attempt I overshoot, due to the plane's flat gliding angle. The fourth time I came in I scraped the hedge with my landing gear and barely missed hitting the fence at the other end. It was rough ground, but the Spitfire took it beautifully and wasn't damaged at all.

I taxied back to the center of the field and cut the motor. Then out across the field came the farmer's daughter with the classic question:

"Are you a flyer?"

"What makes you think that?" I replied and got out of the cockpit.

With the aid of a map and the farmer's daughter, I figured out I was fifty miles from Scotland and only 300 miles off my course. Not bad.

Then the local authorities arrived hot-foot, waving shotguns, tommy-guns, and scythes. This was about the time of the first invasion scare and the local inhabitants here acted as though they'd never seen an airplane before. Or, if they had, they certainly didn't know the difference between a Spitfire and a German troop carrier. Evidently I looked like a one-man invasion, because they weren't taking any chances. They ordered me back into the cockpit.

WHILE one of them stood guard, the other walked around the plane, studying the numbers and marking and taking copious notes. Then he stood right in front of the "prop," making up his mind what kind of plane it was.

"I wouldn't stand there, if I were you," I shouted.

"Don't you tell me where I can stand," he yelled back.

"O. K., go ahead, stay put. There are only eight guns in the wings and they fire fourteen hundred rounds a minute."

That man was the fastest-moving man I've ever seen.

Then we had a long argument. My American accent made him more suspicious than ever. There hadn't been any news of America coming into the war around his village, he pointed out. "So what?" I parried neatly, and then we started from the beginning again.

Finally an army officer arrived and we got things straightened out. I explained to him I couldn't leave my ship without a military guard over it, and he sent for a couple of sentries. I hoofed it into the village to break the news to my commanding officer.

That afternoon he tried to locate the spot where I'd landed. I waited around until after dark, but no sign of him. The next morning I got a rather apologetic call at the hotel from the station. It seemed

that the squadron leader had lost his way trying to find me. That was better.

For several weeks we flew on the average of five hours a day. It was an intensive course and we were supposed to be ready to go into an active fighter squadron at the end of it.

We were certainly an "International Brigade": Belgians, Frenchmen, Czechs, Poles, South Africans, Australians, Canadians, Americans—and two Englishmen. And the English boys didn't like it at all when we dubbed them "the foreigners."

Dogfight practice was the best part of the course. I had several scraps with the C. O., who had a couple of thousand operational hours to his credit. He was one of the finest pilots in the service and he made me look about as handy as a balloon pilot. But it was swell training, and later, when we went into action, I was awfully grateful for the tricks he taught me.

The standard of formation flying in the R. A. F. is very high, like everything else, and we put in plenty of hours on "vics," echelons, and all the various flight, squadron, and wing drills. And, believe me, putting in time on formation work is like owning a lot of life insurance, once you start fighting.

The tip-off that we were ready for the real thing came the afternoon the C. O. assigned us to stand-by duty with the "battle flight" at the field.

Nothing happened, but the next day the orders came through from Group Headquarters. We were to report to an operational squadron on the south coast. Well, we'd made it. "Time will tell," Andy added cautiously.

The reception we received at the new station made up for everything that had happened in France and then some. We were the first Americans to go operational in the R. A. F., and the boys figured that called for a celebration. And what a swell bunch of guys!

THE next day our new squadron leader told us we were just to hang around for a week, getting the feel of things.

"You've got to study fighter tactics right on the spot, and pick up as much as you can from the other pilots. They'll be only too glad to tell you all they know. Don't forget, no matter how good your flying is, you must know how to protect yourself under actual combat conditions. Good flying isn't enough."

So for the next few days our chief job was ferrying planes that had been shot up in battle down to a repair depot. In that way we kept up our flying time.

One afternoon the adjutant called me over to the hangar to take a Spitfire on a test hop. I stopped at the operations room and found out that bombers were overhead. I started to walk to the hangar and was within eighty yards of it when I saw a Junkers 88 diving out of the clouds,

dropping a stick of bombs across our hangars.

I hit Mother Earth pronto, just as the damned thing went off. I never have heard so much noise. The concussion set my head spinning. Debris and shrapnel fell all around me. In a moment I jumped up and ran over to the hangar. It was a horrible sight. One airman's foot had been blown off, another had his arm torn off at the shoulder blade. Three men were dead beneath the thirteen-ton steel hangar door they had been trying to close when the bomb fell.

The next day we were bombed again. But this time no one was hurt and it did not pay the Germans to come over. All eight of the Junkers that bombed us were caught by our squadron on their way home and knocked down. Those were our boys, all right.

And then we joined them as first-line combat flyers.

NOW, when a new pilot becomes a member of a squadron he is usually made number three man in a section of three planes. When you are out on patrol and there are supposed to be enemy planes around, his job is to weave. To you he would be known as "Rear End Charlie," but in the R. A. F. his title is even a little more direct.

The numbers one and two men fly absolutely straight, and our "Charlie's" job is to keep weaving behind them and more or less protect the tails of the two planes ahead of him. The only hitch is that there is nobody to protect "Charlie" but himself. And as he is the least experienced in the group, you can appreciate his viewpoint—poor old Charlie! And that was the position of our boy Tobin. Andy and Shorty were doing the same thing.

And I am very thankful the sky is big, because when the three of us were weaving, brother, we were using it all.

The date we went on our first patrol with the squadron is a rather interesting one: August 15, 1940. If you look up your newspaper files, you'll find it's the day the real aerial blitz on England started.

It was a beautiful morning, and as we stretched out on the grass beside our machines the flash came through. We hopped into our planes as the electric starters whined and spun the motors. Twelve thousand horsepower sang a mighty sweet tune.

Over the two-way radio headphones attached to my helmet I heard the sector controller say:

"Many, many bandits headed southeast. Twenty thousand feet."

Are these three "flying musketeers" to play an important part in the oncoming blitz? With such brief training in the R. A. F., can they hold their own in the tremendous Nazi assault just ahead? Next week's Liberty will sweep you into the skies with the boys in their daily combats against the enemy.

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THIS summer some forty million Americans are going to have a look at America.

It's about time. Some of us have wandered too far from home. Some of us have stuck too closely to it. This is the year when we ought to study the new railroad maps and new travel booklets and new price lists—all of which the railroads will gladly send us for the asking—and plan a vacation which will show us what a wonderful country we have and how lucky we are to be in it.

When we get these bright-colored invitations to pleasure spread out under the living-room lamp, the first thing that will strike us is how much farther our travel dollar now goes

It is enough to know that it is seventeen cars in length, including three power cars equipped with gigantic Diesel engines that develop 5,400 horsepower, a baggage car, and thirteen air-conditioned passenger cars providing accommodations to fit almost any taste and purse.

First, there is one coach, accommodating fifty-four passengers. Seats are of the individual type, comfortably cushioned, adjustable to a reclining position. There is a radio for entertainment of passengers. Semi-indirect general illumination is supplemented by individual direct-lighting fixtures over each seat. These fixtures are equipped with small blue bulbs that provide dim illumination during sleeping hours. Spacious rest rooms for men and women provide

single; and one car provides eighteen "roomettes," which deserve a paragraph by themselves.

The "roomette" is a small completely enclosed private room containing one bed six feet five inches long. Daytime, the bed folds into the wall at its head, and gives way to a sofa-seat with ample space for lounging. The passenger can make the whole space available for morning dressing by returning the bed to its niche in the wall, and a safety ratchet eliminates any danger of the bed falling during the operation. There are individual toilet facilities; regulators for ventilation, heat, and light; a wardrobe; a washstand that folds into the wall, and above it a mirrored cabinet for toilet articles.

Before we leave our sample train

SEE AMERICA!

The

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both in mileage and comfort than it did a few years ago.

We can ride in Pullmans now—and such Pullmans!—for little more than it used to cost us to ride in coaches; and we can ride in coaches, which are a lot more comfortable than Pullmans used to be, for as low as two cents a mile, and in some cases on round-trip tickets for much less.

And look at the ride we get!

Let's get on board a 1941 pleasure train, say, at Chicago, bound for the Pacific Coast or Yellowstone Park or the Canadian Rockies or Sun Valley, Idaho, or any of the other myriad beauty spots of the great West, and see for ourselves the comforts of modern railway travel.

Which train shall it be?

Well, it might be any one of a dozen or more—Great Northern's Empire Builder, Northern Pacific's North Coast Limited, Sante Fe's Super Chief, one of Rock Island's Rockets or Burlington's Zephyrs, either Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul's Olympian or Hiawatha to the North Pacific, or, to name only one other, the City of San Francisco, jointly owned and operated by the Union Pacific, the Southern Pacific, and the Chicago and Northwestern.

The train we choose is an actual train and will be accurately described, but, to avoid even the appearance of favoritism, we won't call it by name.

coach passengers with comforts previously restricted only to patrons traveling in Pullmans.

Next comes the Coffee Shop-Tavern Car, which has two sections—a coffee shop and tavern bar. The coffee shop occupies half of the car. Sandwiches, "snacks," full-course meals, and beverages are served. Prices are moderate. The semicircular bar is backed by ceiling-high mirrors to give a full-circle illusion. Semicircular tables and comfortable leather-backed wall seats or booths lend a note of friendly tête-à-tête.

In these two cars, placed conveniently next to each other, the coach passenger, who was until recently the forgotten man or woman of railroad travel, has a complete transcontinental hotel in which he can eat and sleep and enjoy himself at prices well within his purse—and he gets to his destination as soon as or even a split second ahead of the folks in the deluxe Pullmans which follow him across the continent.

And speaking of Pullmans, this particular train has two open-section sleeping cars, in which sections or both upper and lower berths are available. The upper berths have windows! Two cars are given over to drawing rooms and compartments furnished with movable lounge chairs as well as the usual sofa; two cars contain bedrooms, either double or

for good we should record that there is a dining car so smart in appearance that the illusion of dining out in a metropolitan restaurant is created while whizzing across the prairies at nearly a hundred miles an hour; also a practically all-glass oval-ended observation lounge car, complete with bar, radio, barbershop and shower bath, and registered nurse!



Each of the major Western railroads runs several trains of the general type which we have described. Most big roads also have all-Pullman trains and all-coach trains, which run on approximately the same time schedules, sometimes with and sometimes without extra fares.

For example, between Chicago and Los Angeles and San Francisco run the coach-and-tourist-sleeper Challengers, which provide, among other features, special coaches for women traveling alone or with small children, and coffee-shop meals at ninety cents a day or \$2.05 for the seven meals between Chicago and the Coast. Also, between Chicago and San Francisco, the Pacific Limited features coach-sleepers, which combine the daytime facilities of a de luxe coach with the

streamlined train, El Capitan, and a coach-and-tourist-sleeper train, the Scout. El Capitan makes the trip in 39¾ hours; the Scout, a no-extra-fare train, is as fast as the ordinary limited.

And don't think, if you live east or south of Chicago, or live west of that city and are going east or south of it for your vacation, that you must resign yourself to traveling in the old hot uncomfortable trains of our childhood, drawn by old-fashioned smoke-belching engines with a cinder for every eye.

Today the New York Central has a fleet of super-comfortable trains between the East and Chicago; and the good old Pennsy runs a reserved-seat coach train from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Wash-

ington to Chicago, which it calls the Trail Blazer and which is all of that: club lounge, observation buffet, diner (breakfast 50 cents, luncheon 65 cents, and dinner 75 cents), three-position adjustable coach seats—all for two cents a mile, one and a half cents round trip.

But not all the modern trains are offered by the long-run cross-conti-

ing run fleets of modern air-conditioned expresses, while railroads like the Norfolk and Western, the Lehigh Valley, and the Chesapeake and Ohio provide intriguing side trips through scenic Pennsylvania and historic Virginia.

There are places in the Smokies which are delightfully cool in summer; also in Chickamauga and Chat-

Rail Way



FREDERICK L. COLLINS

night comfort of a Pullman bed at only about 30 per cent of the usual added rate for a standard Pullman berth.

Slightly varying services are available on most of the great Western roads: for example, between Chicago and Los Angeles run an all-coach

ing run fleets of modern air-conditioned expresses, while railroads like the Norfolk and Western, the Lehigh Valley, and the Chesapeake and Ohio provide intriguing side trips through scenic Pennsylvania and historic Virginia.

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tanooga National Park and throughout the territory catered to by railroads like the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis and the great Dixie Line. Even the Southern Railway and the three great Florida roads, the Atlantic Coast Line and the Florida East Coast and the Seaboard Air touch many a cool summer spot on their way to the deep South.

The mountain and lake regions of our Northern states, as far west as the Black Hills of South Dakota, have long been favorite vacation lands for residents of near-by urban centers; but now, thanks to fast, cool, comfortable, and inexpensive rail service, they draw their summer population from all over the country. Most of the Eastern roads already mentioned—along with the Delaware and Lackawanna, the Delaware and Hudson, and other lines—carry thousands every summer week from the great seaboard cities to lake and mountain resorts. But perhaps the most marked increase in this inland vacation travel is toward the cool North Woods of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota.

From Chicago or Detroit it is but a comfortable night's ride, in Père Marquette's air-conditioned Resort Special, to the lakes, rivers, forests, and bathing beaches of upper Michigan.

The Chicago and North Western's famous streamliner "400," and the luxurious Burlington Zephyrs, which skirt the shores of the upper Mississippi, and many another fast modern train divert northward the cross-country traffic of the central and southern trunk lines from Chicago to the Twin Cities, from which centers trains penetrate into every fastness of the Great North Woods, and the Black Hills of South Dakota.

Which brings us, after our brief vacation jaunt through North, East, and South, back to the great trans-continental trains bound out of Chicago for the Rockies, the parks, the dude ranches, and the Pacific—and that is where we came in.

It is fitting, too, that any discussion of travel by rail should begin and end with those glorious Western vacation lands which the railroads brought within the reach of health- and pleasure-seeking Americans. I shall not attempt to describe these vacation glories one by one, or even tell which train or which railroad

goes where. But certain generalizations can, of course, be made.

The two famous Canadian railway systems, for example, the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National, span the scenic country to the north of us, from Vancouver to the Maritime Provinces. If we wish to skirt the Canadian border on the American side through Glacier National Park, we should take the Great Northern. The Southern Pacific routes us over the other border down Mexico City way, and the Santa Fe goes through the Southwest and the Grand Canyon.

From the sudden and deserved popularity of Sun Valley, Idaho, the impression might be gathered that the Union Pacific went there and nowhere else. But the "Union Pacific West," as the road's manage-

Next week Mr. Collins will tell how to see America another way—by automobile

ment describes it, includes, in addition to the Idaho-Utah region, Colorado, Yellowstone, Zion National Park, Bryce Canyon, Boulder Dam, Arizona, California, the Pacific Northwest, and Alaska. Yet it would be unfair to many another cross-continent line if we did not record that many of these vacation spots can be approached over many different railroads.

Very likely you know already what part of the country you wish to visit. Perhaps you have discovered which railroad or railroads will take you there. In the latter case, you simply write the traffic manager of that particular road or group of roads for the information you require. If, however, you have only a vague objective, you will be wise to write such a letter to all the roads which seem likely to be of use to you. All this information is free.

Along with the information about the lines and the regions through which they pass, you will receive valuable advice on many points which might not otherwise occur to you. Especially will you profit by knowing about certain types of services which are common to all railroads and others which are common to certain groups of railroads. For in this vast field, than which there is none more keenly competitive, there is friendly co-operation, too, a spirit of service to the traveling public.

To this spirit we owe the travel-credit plan, which enables you to buy your vacation as you do your radio or automobile—on small monthly payments; the train-auto service, which enables you to have at low cost a drive-yourself motorcar waiting for you when you step off the train at any one of 150 American cities; the ship-your-car plan, which enables you to book your own automobile straight through to journey's end at very little greater expense; and, of course, the famous one-price escorted and circle tours, which leave you nothing to do but have fun.

THE END

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READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

For a synopsis of preceding chapters
see the next page

PART SIX—THE AMENITIES OF MURDER

JANET was not in her room, which was in perfect order. There was no note, no message of any sort. Back in the lobby, however, the reception clerk said, "Are you Mr.

BY DONALD BARR CHIDSEY

Strachey Smith? We have a telephone message for you. Not from Miss Lair. I forgot to tell you."

"For me? I'm not a guest here."

"I know. Whoever this was, he called up only ten minutes ago and said that if a Mr. Strachey Smith either telephoned or came around

asking for Miss Lair, he should be told to call this number immediately. Here it is, sir."

All the inside of Strachey's chest felt as cold and heavy as that much ice when he went to the telephone booth. He had never before seen the number written on the slip of paper

he held, but he knew what voice would answer.

"Hello?"

"Hello, Walt."

"Oh, Strach. . . . You got my message, eh?" The gambler's voice was smooth and low and steady. "I'm at my apartment, Strach. Better come up right away. Without stopping anywhere in the meanwhile."

"Why should I do that?"

"I think you know, Strach."

There was a silence. Strachey's heart pounded.

At last he said, "What proof have I got?"

"I don't think you need proof. You know me well enough to know that I wouldn't try a bluff at this stage of the game. It means too much to me.

that of a Charlotte Russe. When you looked at him you had the feeling that if you stuck a finger into him it would leave a hole that would be slow in filling, if it filled at all. Also, there was about him a faint odor of decay.

"Hello, sap," he said.

Strachey made no answer. He stood with hipped fists until Walt Morgan had taken his place, as though after many rehearsals, behind the table. Then Strachey addressed himself to Morgan:

"Where is she?"

"Listen, Strach. I had hoped I wouldn't have to play it this way. But your running into Jenkie made me desperate. You didn't show up at your hotel afterward, so I phoned

as he crossed the room to her. She threw her arms around him. She began to sob; the tears had come hot and quick, as though glad of release. Dizzy with relief, she pulled him down beside her.

It was a long while later when they started to talk.

"They—they told me they were going to kill you!"

"They probably are," he answered cheerfully. "Otherwise they wouldn't go to all this trouble to get me, involving another person."

"I don't understand."

"I don't either, except that it has something to do with the Mandlebaum case. But that's a trifle. The big thing is this—"

He told her about Jenkie La Rue.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER eight years in hiding, Strachey Smith leaves the island of Mangareva in the South Seas, and returns to New York, even though he knows that he is in danger of being arrested for the murder of Jenkie La Rue, whom he shot in a gambling fight. Walt Morgan, another gambler, helped him escape.

He risks going back because René Claessens, an old Belgian, has bequeathed him a pearl necklace and asked him to compare it with one belonging to Joubet, a New York jeweler. If Claessens' is better, it is to go to a Brussels museum; if not, Strachey may keep it. Even though it means losing the pearls, Strachey wants René's string to be better because the old man was so proud of it.

He asks Janet Lair, who visited Man-

gareva on the yacht of her rich cousin, Clara Lair, to wear the necklace when he takes her to restaurants. Wearing pearls, he explains, improves them. Walt Morgan meets them at a night club and later urges Strachey to leave town at once, but Strachey says he is sick of being a fugitive and means to give himself up. When he tells Janet, she, too, begs him to leave. She is in love with him and will go with him, she says, but he refuses her offer. The thing that alters his determination to go to the police immediately is the fact that two attempts have been made on his life. He wants to find out who is trying to get rid of him—and why.

Then one day he is coming out of Morgan's apartment when he sees—Jenkie La Rue! Rushing to a newspaper office, he reads the papers of eight

years ago. No mention is made of La Rue's death—but the papers *are* full of the disappearance of Mandlebaum, a gambler, and La Rue and Morgan are mentioned as among those questioned. Moreover, La Rue is described as a "dummy chucker," one who can, at will, feign epilepsy and even death.

On the way to Janet's hotel, Strachey realizes the reason for the elaborate plot to get him out of the country. Walt Morgan has murdered Mandlebaum and is afraid Strachey may remember something that will convict him. Strachey suddenly *does* remember: One day when he called on Walt at his home in New Rochelle, Walt's usually immaculate hands were stained with earth!

When he reaches Janet's hotel and finds that her room doesn't answer, he asks to be let in with a passkey.

You come right away, Strach, and come alone. And don't have anything in your pocket that's—uh—heavy."

"You're asking a lot."

"I could be wrong, of course, but I have an idea that you care that much for her."

Strachey's heart was pounding so hard that he had difficulty standing.

"I'll be there in a few minutes," he whispered.

WALT MORGAN, when he opened the door, did so with a jerk, at the same time stepping to one side.

Strachey said, "Dear, dear!" and walked into the foyer. As he passed the gambler, Morgan patted his hip pockets from behind. Strachey sniffed. He went straight through to the living room. Large, comfortable, and bright, it was dining room and library as well, and in its center was a very large and solid rectangular table, on the far side of which stood William Jenkinson La Rue.

Even in real life an indubitable presence, there was a ghostlike quality about Jenkie La Rue. Not only was his face without color: it showed a downright white, as though from disease. Not only was he underweight: his consistency suggested

hers. It was a dirty trick, but you can see the jam I was in."

"Where is she?"

He started toward the table. Jenkie La Rue drew from under his coat a huge black Colt automatic pistol.

Walt Morgan, looking worried, said, "Now don't do anything foolish, Strach! Jenkie'll shoot you if he has to."

"It'd be a pleasure," Jenkie said.

"Where is she?"

Strachey had no urge to knock these men down. He felt for them nothing but contempt. But he was anxious about Janet, eager to tell her that he was, after all, no murderer.

"All right. She's over there. That door on your left. Help yourself. But don't start making any noise or trying to attract attention. I'll show you why." Out of his right coat pocket Walt Morgan took another automatic, a tiny bright disagreeable weapon. "You get the idea?"

Strachey had turned away. He went to the door on his left, opened it, walked into a bedroom.

Janet was seated on one of the twin beds. She wasn't weeping, only sitting there in a trancelike stupor, staring at nothing; but her eyes filled with tears and she began to make thin gurgling sounds in her throat

"Walt Morgan had got afraid that I'd surrender to the police. That's why he hired somebody to try to run me down. Or maybe he got Jenkie to do it. I'm sure it must have been Jenkie who tried to sandbag me late this afternoon. After that I came straight to this apartment. I was sore. I wanted to find out who wanted to kill me, and I thought Walt would be the logical one to ask. He must have almost fainted when he saw me. He'd expected Jenkie back after murdering me, and instead of Jenkie I walk in myself! Jenkie got the same shock later when we practically bumped into each other in the hall. He'd thought I was dead, too."

"That's how Mr. Morgan got me to come here—by telling me you were here and he wanted me to come help him," Janet said. "He said he was trying to argue you out of surrendering. So of course I came."

She kissed him. She drew back her head, smiling happily.

"But it's all right now," she whispered. "You're free. We can go anywhere we want."

It hurt to point out to her—at that moment when he would have preferred to kiss and kiss her, talking about nothing and certainly not about complexities outside—it hurt to point

But that they could go anywhere, yes, once they had succeeded in getting out of this apartment. But he did so. He would have liked to sit there with her for almost as long as forever, thinking only of how wonderful it was that they loved each other; but common sense rasped over his memory like a steel file, and he could not help knowing that minutes might count.

"We're here," he reminded her.

"They wouldn't dare hold us here by force!"

He shrugged. He went to the window. Three stories below was a roof with no penthouse, a deserted roof. The nearest window on a level with this one was in the next block. Perhaps if he snapped on the light and stood windmilling his arms for an hour or two—assuming that he was permitted to do so—somebody in that block might happen to notice him. He could not be sure of this.

He went into the bathroom. It had only one window, a very small one which, like the window in the bedroom, offered no take-off for a climb up or down. There was another door, presumably leading to another bedroom, but it was locked.

They were in the heart of New York City; they could hear the mumble of traffic as a million people moved here and there mechanically and in haste; yet they were prisoners as surely as though they'd been dungeoned in a medieval castle.

He must have looked gloomy as he came out of the bathroom, for she hurried to him.

"They can't kill us in cold blood! If you thought that, why didn't you bring the police?"

"For fear of what they'd do to you. Walt means business. As he said over the phone, he wouldn't be likely to bluff at this stage of the game. Here he comes now."

WALTER MORGAN entered without knocking, yet there was something respectful in his manner. There was admiration in his eyes when he looked at Strachey.

"It must have taken guts to come here. You could have ducked out of town, or sent the cops."

"Never mind about that. What I'm interested in right now is what you're going to do with us."

"I haven't decided yet. I'm expecting a visitor, and he might help me. It isn't going to be easy."

Jenkie, in the doorway behind him, still holding the big automatic, smirked knowingly. But Walt himself was serious. More, he was frightened. He had not lost his head, hadn't even raised his voice; nevertheless his iron nerve had cracked; he was close to panic. For so many years, even before he met him, Strachey had admired this man for exactly that—his nerve—and had made such a hero of him, that now, seeing the nerve broken, Strachey could feel only contempt. He wasn't sorry for Walt; he despised the man, that was all.

It bucked him to feel this. It stif-

fened him. In the presence of such fear he could not stop to examine his own. That whimsical, half-apologetic smile still clung to the corners of Walt's mouth, and in appearance he remained precise, dapper, immaculate, utterly sure of himself; but in fact he was shaken by terror. Perhaps he had never been a murderer at heart. He had always feared this one crime. Unaccustomed to bungling, he had bungled it—and his situation now was worse than ever. He was faced with the prospect of having to kill two more persons. He was also faced with the very real problem of how to get rid of them when he had done so.

"It's too much for you, eh?"

Walt did not answer; he continued to smile.

YOU might tell me," Strachey suggested, "just what it is I know that's so important."

"Haven't you figured that out?"

"Not altogether. I mean, it doesn't seem enough. Your hands were dirty that night in New Rochelle."

"Exactly. That's where I made my first big mistake. I shouldn't have gone to the door when you rang. But I got it into my head that it would look suspicious if I didn't; so I went. I turned you away. But you noticed my hands. I saw that—I saw it in your face. It was something you'd remember later when there was an investigation into the disappearance of Art Mandlebaum."

"You'd just killed Mandlebaum, eh?"

Walt nodded.

"And buried him. With Jenkie's assistance. Jenkie had come along with him to my house only an hour or so before you showed up. Art insisted I owed him some money I didn't think I did. I killed him. I hadn't meant to, and he certainly hadn't expected me to. I can remember the look of amazement on his face while I was shooting him. He didn't look scared, just dumfounded. He didn't live more than a minute or two after that. And I turned to Jenkie, here, and offered him four times as much as Art had thought I owed if he'd stick with me and keep his trap shut. Otherwise, I said, I was going to drag him into it somehow. So we buried Art in the cellar."

Strachey said, "I still don't get it. What if I did notice the dirt on your hands? What if I did mention it to somebody later? Suppose I even went to the cops? That still wouldn't convict you."

"Maybe it would. Your story would put me in Jenkie's company—which in itself was unusual at that time—and in my own house, on the night Art disappeared. What's more, it would put the idea into the cops' heads to search my house thoroughly. There'd been bad blood between Art and me for years, as everybody knew. If they found him planted in my cellar I'd have a pretty hard time talking my way out of it."

"But even then I might have man-

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aged—if it hadn't been for the gun. That was my second big mistake. I should have got rid of the gun immediately afterward. I didn't. I just didn't think to. And two nights later I had it in my pocket when a game I was in was raided, in the Bronx. They took the gun away from me. I didn't have a permit. It needed all the pull I had to keep them from slapping a Sullivan Law charge against me, and as far as getting the gun back was concerned I didn't have a chance. They still have it down at headquarters; they know it used to be mine."

"I'M beginning to get the idea," said Strachey. "There are still some slugs in Art Mandlebaum?"

"Sure. If they dig up that body even now, they would find four bullets. It would be child's play for the ballistics people in Centre Street to prove that they were fired from my gun. Then what chance would I have?"

"What's more, as a result of the raid and the publicity, my landlord discovered who I was and kicked me out—practically amounted to that. I didn't have any lease, and he just went ahead and rented the house to somebody else. That party's had it ever since. I thought originally that I could rent it back sometime, through some third party, and get to work in that cellar. Dig Art up and move him somewhere else. But I haven't had a chance."

"So you sent me to the other side of the world with a ghost for company!"

"It was a dirty trick. But as long as you're anywhere near New York I'm not safe. Even if you'd forgotten about that dirt on my hands, I had no guaranty that you'd keep on forgetting it. Something might remind you."

Strachey glanced at Janet. It troubled him to have Walt talk freely like this. He was glad of the explanation, but not in Janet's presence.

"Listen, Walt. You're still smart enough to know that you're in a very bad spot. With us, I mean. Suppose we make you a proposition?"

"What kind of proposition?"

"Suppose we promise that neither of us will ever say anything about this conversation to anybody? That we won't even talk about it between ourselves?"

The gambler shook his head.

"I knew you were going to suggest that. I'd like to agree, but I just can't afford to. I've got too much at stake."

It isn't very dignified to plead for your own life, but it's human. Strachey spread his hands.

"We'll go away. We'll go out of the country, and if we ever come back at all, at least we'll never come back to New York."

"I'm sorry."

"At least give Janet a break! She didn't—"

"Can't do it, Strach. I wish I could. Keeping your mouth shut is a hard job. You just saw that even I

couldn't stay shut up but had to spill it all. It needs a certain temperament. How do I know that you've got it, and that Miss Lair, here, has it too? Suppose you go back to that island of yours. What proof have I got that you won't ever see any other white people and won't get talking about things? You could let it slip with the best intentions in the world. Or suppose one or the other of you takes to drink, or dope. It's always a possibility."

"So you'd rather have three murders on your conscience instead of just one," Strachey said.

It was odd to stand there talking about his approaching death by violence as if he were merely renting an apartment or buying a hat. He was wondering how Janet would take it. He watched her from time to time out of a corner of his eye. She was



"It's just a hot-dog sandwich, mom."

still. She was pale, but she did not fidget.

Walt Morgan shrugged.

"You can only get electrocuted once," he reminded them. "And as for the conscience—"

"Somebody at the door," said Jenkie. "Must be Larsen."

"Excuse me," said Walt. "I have a little business to attend to."

He even bowed before he went out. He was very nice about the whole thing.

HE kissed her, after the door had been closed, and squeezed her shoulder a bit, and forced a smile meant to be reassuring.

"Scared, darling?"

"Of course I'm scared," was her grave reply. "But not as much as I would be if I could really take it seriously. It just doesn't seem possible that anybody could do anything so cold-blooded."

Strachey shrugged.

"The man who could send me to Mangareva for the rest of my life isn't going to be too tenderhearted to indulge in a little extra murder. All I'm hoping is that he won't be able to solve the physical problem. I don't

mean the actual killing. That wouldn't be hard. He wouldn't want to shoot us, because there's a chance the shots would be heard; but there are other ways. But after he's done that—then what?"

"Whatever happens after he's done that," Janet pointed out soberly, "isn't going to mean anything to us, anyway."

He grinned a little. Her courage delighted him. It helped him, too; that it was the courage of despair did nothing to water its effect.

"It's our only chance now," he explained. "It might frighten Walt out of it. Anyway, it's almost sure to cause a delay. Walt tried murder once before, and the trouble he ran into was in getting rid of the corpse. He's not out of that trouble yet. And it looks as though he might be in even worse trouble here. He hasn't got any cellar here. And he's got twice as many bodies!"

"Please don't talk about me as a body. Yet, anyway."

He kissed her again. Each was cool and very grave.

"Excuse me," he said. "Now I want to see if I can find out who this man Larsen is."

Once again he did something undignified but human. He went to the door, knelt, peered through the keyhole.

What he saw struck fear, real fear, to his heart. For the first time he felt his flesh go tingly and had to tense his hands to keep them from trembling.

The Larsen Walt had mentioned was Ernest Larsen.

STRACHEY had heard of Ernest Larsen and had seen the only available photograph of him, as who in New York hadn't? Nobody dreamed of dubbing him Public Enemy Number One, for that title called to mind somebody with a gun, with a sneer, and a bright silk shirt; yet unquestionably the man was king of organized crime in New York City.

His methods, still largely secret, had not been studied. His appearance, however, was sufficiently well known, and surely it was not in the tradition. A pasty, nearsighted fuss-budget, with pudgy, sagging shoulders, he might have been the proprietor, overworked and worried, of a third-rate delicatessen. He might have been a district political worker with a bad liver, weary of forcing smiles he didn't feel for people who didn't really count. He seemed surly. He showed a weakling in a bad humor.

Perhaps this night he was attended by the customary sleek watchful young men who kept their hands in their pockets; but if so, they must have made him look, by contrast, even pettier and more cross than he was. Strachey, kneeling, could not see any bodyguard. He could see only Ernest Larsen himself, in profile, his mud-brown hair, very thin, plastered in careful curls on his pate, like the hair of an old-time bartender.

his lips rubbed out in annoyance, his glasses slipping down a blobbed greasy nose. He could hear Larsen's voice, which though low had a peculiar carrying quality. He could hear the voice of Walt Morgan too, but not clearly enough to make out many of the words. He could not see Walt.

"So what? I've told you my offer. Bring 'em to me and I'll take care of the rest. I don't care whether they're cold meat or not. Just get 'em into that garage and you can stop worrying. But I'm not coming here to cart them away! At least, not except for a price that's a lot more than I happen to know that you can pay."

Walt must have said something about credit. The racketeer answered that he never gave anybody credit.

"If you don't like it, you know what you can do. You called me in to make an offer, and I have. Well, think it over. Get 'em into that garage and I'll handle all the rest. . . . What? . . . Oh, you won't even have to worry about setting up an alibi. Nobody's ever going to know the exact time they died. Nobody's ever going to find any evidence that they are dead, that's why."

He rose, looking around for his

hat, and his head passed beyond Strachey's vision. It was appalling that anybody could be so prosaic about such a matter. His manner was precisely that of a petty contractor who has given an estimate on a plumbing or rewiring job. He was thinking now about where he had to go next. He was feeling sorry for himself because he had to work so hard.

"Take it or leave it. . . . Huh? . . . I don't care how you get 'em out. That's up to you. Why'n't you give them each a shot in the arm and carry 'em out like drunks? But suit yourself. Well, good night. Any time. If I'm not there, one of the boys will be. Good night."

Somebody passed very close to the keyhole, blacking it for a moment. Strachey heard voices fall away down the corridor to the hall door, and presently he heard that door opened and shut.

Can Strachey and Janet escape from the hands of this desperate man and his murderous stooge? Will Walt Morgan have the courage to go through with his plan? Next week brings the final dramatic chapter of this tense novel. Don't miss it!

40 Answers by Waldemar Kaempffert to his questions on-page 31

1—By synthetic rubber chemists mean a compound chemically indistinguishable from natural rubber. Synthetic rubber in this sense has not yet been made commercially.

2—About 2,000 million years.

3—The surface of the water is covered by a stretched, elastic skin made of itself. This skin is taut like the rubber of an inflated toy balloon. The insect walks on the tense surface.

4—Because the explosion drives some of the air out from the street. Pressure of air within the building pushes the glass out in order to fill the partial vacuum created.

5—Since there is no air between the stars, the airplane is ruled out. A rocket ship must be used because a rocket kicks itself along just as a gun kicks back against the shoulder.

6—Not only twice but many times in some places.

7—Identical twins spring from one egg. They are always of the same sex and always look alike. Fraternal twins spring from two different eggs. One may be a girl and the other a boy, and they may have only a family resemblance.

8—No. Many women pass through shocking experiences during pregnancy, yet give birth to normal children.

9—No. Costly experiments have been made without positive results.

10—Yes. After a long war there is always a marked increase in the number of male births. Nobody knows why.

11—It is increasing. At present it is 2,100 million. About the year 2100 it will be 2,465,500,000. After this peak is reached it will remain stationary, then decline.

12—About fifty days without food, but only about fifteen or twenty without food and water.

13—Not if the man and woman come of a strong, healthy stock.

14—Not more than 1,500 in the northern or southern hemisphere.

15—About 300 miles.

16—Yes. By taking photographs through mist with infra-red (heat) rays. Also by television with infra-red rays.

17—Yes. Experiments made in wind tunnels indicate that below the stratosphere we cannot hope theoretically to fly faster than 750 miles an hour, with 600 as the probable practical limit.

18—By streamlining is meant the shaping of body (boat, airplane, locomotive, automobile) so that it parts the air or water with the least possible resistance. Hence the rounded bows and noses of streamlined ships, airplanes, and fast fish.

19—Because of the light-scattering effect of small particles in the air. Blue light is more easily scattered than red. Hence the sky is blue.

20—The Frenchman Thimmonier.

21—Eleventh on the list. The Swedes, Austrians (before the incorporation of their country with Germany), Germans, New Zealanders, Danes, Dutch, Norwegians, French, British, and Belgians are the ten that outdistance us.

22—No.

23—Yes. One musician played and recorded the cello part on a phonograph. Then he reproduced the record and played the viola part and made another record. Reproducing this, he played and recorded the first violin. And so with the piano. The result was a composite record which, when reproduced, sounded as if four men had played it. If a man could play all the instruments in an orchestra there is no reason why he should not make a record of a whole symphony and fool even the experts.

24—273 degrees below zero on the Centigrade scale and minus 459.4 degrees on the Fahrenheit scale that we use. It has long been known that when it is cooled a gas shrinks and that when it shrinks enough it becomes first a liquid and then a solid. Theoretically the gas ought to shrink to nothing at absolute zero.

25—Eleven hundred feet a second in air at freezing temperature, or about 750 miles an hour.

26—Henri Becquerel in 1896.

27—Eight and one third minutes.

28—English mines were once kept dry by horse pumps. When he was ready to sell his engine (originally produced as a pump) James Watt had to prove to mine owners that an engine of given size would displace a certain number of horses. He made crude measurements which convinced him that a horse could lift 33,000 pounds one foot in a minute. He was then able to say, "This engine will do the work of ten horses."

29—Invisible light.

30—The explosion that accompanied the eruption of Mount Krakatoa in 1883. This loudest noise in history lasted several days.

31—A harmless shark known to science as *Rhynodon typicus*. It attains a length of more than fifty feet.

32—Nowhere as an original inventor but high as an engineer. John Fitch steamed up and down the Delaware in 1790; Oliver Evans built in 1804 a combined steam scow and dredge for Philadelphia which ran as an automobile on land and as a boat on water; James Rumsey demonstrated a steamboat in 1787. William Symington, an Englishman, was churning water with a steam-driven paddle wheel in 1787. All preceded Fulton.

33—The straight, spokelike threads of the web are glueless. The spider uses these as footpaths and not the "rungs."

34—No. When frightened he looks up in alarm like every other animal.

35—Because heat waves, like those seen over a steam radiator, radiate from warm earth and make the atmosphere "boil."

36—Solid carbon-dioxide gas.

37—No.

38—Plastics and shellac, but plastics are displacing shellac.

39—Because there is a sort of intangible electric mirror in the sky called the "ionosphere." This reflects the waves back to the earth, whereupon they bounce up to the layer again and back and so around the earth.

40—Sixty-two years if a boy, sixty-six if a girl.



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IN A STRONG TABLE OF CONTENTS you will also find Can MacPhail Buy a Pennant? one of the most exciting stories our sporting editor Jack Dempsey has squeezed out of another of your favorite contributors, Yankee Stade. Other important features next week will include To Conscientious Objectors on Army Day, by Maud Ballington Booth; Painter of Heaven, by Edward Doherty; The Truth About the Gridiron Club Dinners, by Senator Arthur Vandenberg; See America the Auto Way, by Frederick L. Collins; a fine assortment of short fiction, including Hyacinths for Her Soul, by Jack Byrne; and Loved I Not Honor More, by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding; and a full complement of features and serial installments—Part Two of Footloose! by Grace Perkins, Part Three of Yankee Eagle Over London, and the smashing climax and finale of Girl Sticks Out Neck, by Donald Barr Chidsey. Nice going, no?

SALMAGUNDI:

Public thanks is herewith uttered to the officers and members for again voting me a member of the International Chitterling Eaters Association. Only proven chitterling eaters may become members. Do you know what it is, a chitterling, Mr. Kieran? Have you ever eaten one, Mr. Adams? The Chitterling Eaters Association is also known as the N. & G. Club. The headquarters are in Rosedale, Mississippi, and Fred Cocke is secretary. . . . Thanks also to the Society of Osiris Magicians for electing me to honorary life membership. . . . Miriam Hopkins and Claude Rains are still thrilling audiences in a Warner Brothers picture called Lady with Red Hair. The picture was taken from a Liberty serial which ran in 1927, and it is what the folks in the movie business call "a sleeper"—an inexpensive picture which turns out to be better than a lot of the expensive ones. . . . The other night I dropped in to see the movie version of James M. Cain's serial in Liberty, Money and the Woman. Well, Jim, why not another serial in Liberty? . . . Little History Lesson No. 4: When Greece fell into the hands of a militant Power, Macedonia, they lost the civil liberties of which they were so proud. . . . Idea No. 10,001:

JUST WHAT has the R. A. F. been doing to help the Greeks? Has the daily news of this seemed indefinite? Not so the breath-taking experience over Albania's mountains that Liberty's war correspondent Robert Low will share with you next week! He's been swooping with a bombing squadron

"My daily duties take me into the dusty attics—into the dark corners of basements and to other obscure spots of houses. Everywhere, on every side, I see scrap copper, aluminum and scrap iron. There are old kettles, broken faucets, old flatirons, and hundreds of other items. And they stay there year after year. Suppose on a national scale we ask every community to donate a carload of scrap metal? We could donate the whole to the government to do with as they wished. They say there is a shortage of aluminum. In my basement there is seven or eight pounds of it. Let's get it all out—everywhere—now, and put it to work.

"O. A. SULLIVAN,
"Modesto, Cal."

. . . I listened not so long ago to an address by E. Kent Hubbard, president of the Manufacturers Association of Connecticut, in which he said, "No nation is so stupid as not to protect her arsenals against military, naval, and air attack. However, up to the present time it is very apparent that we have been stupid. We have, here in Connecticut, investments totaling millions of dollars which are being put to work in the interest of national defense. In addition, and more important still, we are leaving unprotected thousands of workers in our defense industries. Today, in this great arsenal that is Connecticut, not a single anti-aircraft gun guards her industries. Her harbors are, comparatively speaking, without defense, and her air defense is woefully weak, even with the establishment of the district base of the air corps at Brainard Field in Hartford.

"We need more than occupation of our municipal fields by federal wings. We need more fields and the improvement of present ones.

"In the entire state there isn't to be found a single air-raid shelter, and, as far as I have been able to determine from conversations with many high authorities, little is being done to correct the situation. I cite these facts not in criticism of our War or Navy Departments, nor in criticism of our representatives in Congress, nor in criticism of industry itself. I do say, however, that the moment the Congress of the United States is freed from the necessity of absenting itself from Washington for campaign purposes, Connecticut's representatives in Congress should, regardless of party, bend every effort toward the correction of the existing situation."

What Mr. Hubbard says about Connecticut is true of many other states. Sometimes one wonders if the country will ever wake up to the kind of world we are living in.

. . . One of Mark Twain's best quips, "Everybody talks about the weather but nobody does anything about it," has a very practical application right now. Substitute "democracy" for "weather" and it comes pretty close to the truth. One man not only has made up his mind that something can be done about preserving it, but he has written a book to show you and me just how we can go about it. The man is Edward L. Bernays, "U. S. Publicist No. 1," and his book is Speak Up

for Democracy. It might also be titled A Handbook of Democracy. I recommend it to every American who wants to keep our way of life and is willing to do his small part to that end. . . . A great many persons have written in about the discussion on the spiritual value of pain. Here is a sample from Russell T. Palmer of 192 Colborne Street, St. Paul, Minnesota: "Did you ever notice how kindly you feel toward your enemies when you are very sick? Physical illness and pain are instruments to heal the soul and we should be thankful for them." I am sure Mr. Palmer must be right. But at this moment I have a toothache and I am—I am sorry to, say—not thinking very benignantly about my dentist.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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APRIL 5, 1941**

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY JOHN NEWTON HOWITT



"My, I just feel like a four-alarm fire!"

WITH ALL THESE handsome firemen being so attentive to me," said Elsie, the Borden Cow, at her welcome-home celebration, "you make me believe I'm hot stuff!"

"And you *are*, Elsie!" beamed the Mayor. "Your old home town is proud of you! Why, you were the toast of the New York World's Fair, the darling of Hollywood, and—"

"And tonight at the Firemen's Ball, I suppose I'll be a fire-belle!" laughed Elsie. "But you're forgetting my *real* career—producing just about the best and purest milk there is for Borden's."

"That *did* sort of slip my mind," admitted the Mayor.



"Those Borden experts never let it slip *mine*," said Elsie. "They never relax a single minute with the care they give me, or the skill they devote to the products folks count on so much."

"Count on?" asked the Mayor curiously.

"Why, of course!" nodded Elsie. "Think of all the people who look forward to dinners that include any of my fine cheeses! Especially *Liederkranz*—that tangy dessert cheese that's strictly an American creation, and a mealtime tradition with millions

of Americans. I couldn't let *them* down, could I?"

"Golly, I hope not!" breathed the Mayor. "My wife would miss it just as much as I would!"



"She'd probably miss my Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk, too!" said Elsie. "Like thousands of women, she knows it's the secret of delicious cream soups and snowy-mashed potatoes. And then think of



all the lussy babies who are thriving on it, too! Doctors, you know, like to see it used for infants' formulas because it's so easily digested and so rich in Vitamin D."

"Say, Elsie," said the Mayor with growing respect, "this celebration doesn't do you justice. Maybe a statue would pay tribute..."

"Oh, shush!" smiled Elsie, not *too* modestly, "I get all the tribute I want when

folks' faces light up over the lovely cake icings and candies and cookies made from



Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—one of my very best achievements, by the way!"

"Then," mused the Mayor, "maybe some sort of crown would be..."

"Not that, either," interrupted Elsie. "My crowning glory is Borden's Ice Cream. It's really one of the most delicious forms of my rich milk. It's so smooth and creamy,



every refreshing spoonful reflects credit on me—and on Borden."

"I'll concede that right now," laughed the Mayor—"without mincing words!"

"Did you ever mince pies?" quipped Elsie. "All the finest pie-makers say that Borden's None Such Mince Meat is the spiciest, most delicious filling they can get. And goodness knows, it *ought* to be—it has the same fine



quality and expert care that distinguishes *all* Borden products."

"Well, Elsie!" smiled the Mayor. "You certainly have made good!"

"Oh, that's a 'must' in my life!" replied Elsie. "You see, people everywhere have learned to depend on this:

"If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"

To bring you the best of dairy products, more than 100,000 dairy farms provide milk for Borden... and to guard the goodness of all Borden foods and deliver them to your home, more than 27,500 employees work in partnership with 47,000 Borden owner-stockholders.



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ONE TASTE WILL TELL YOU WHY



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